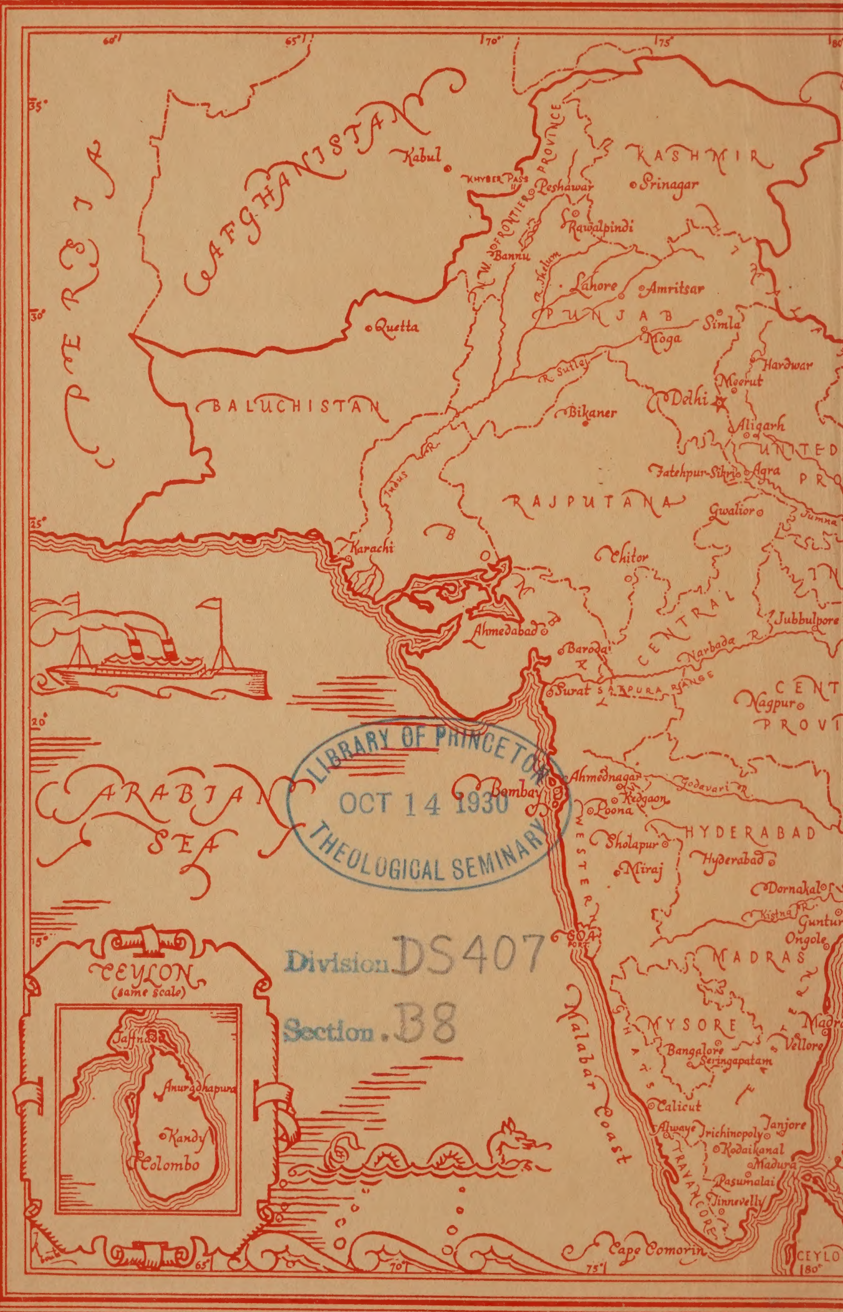
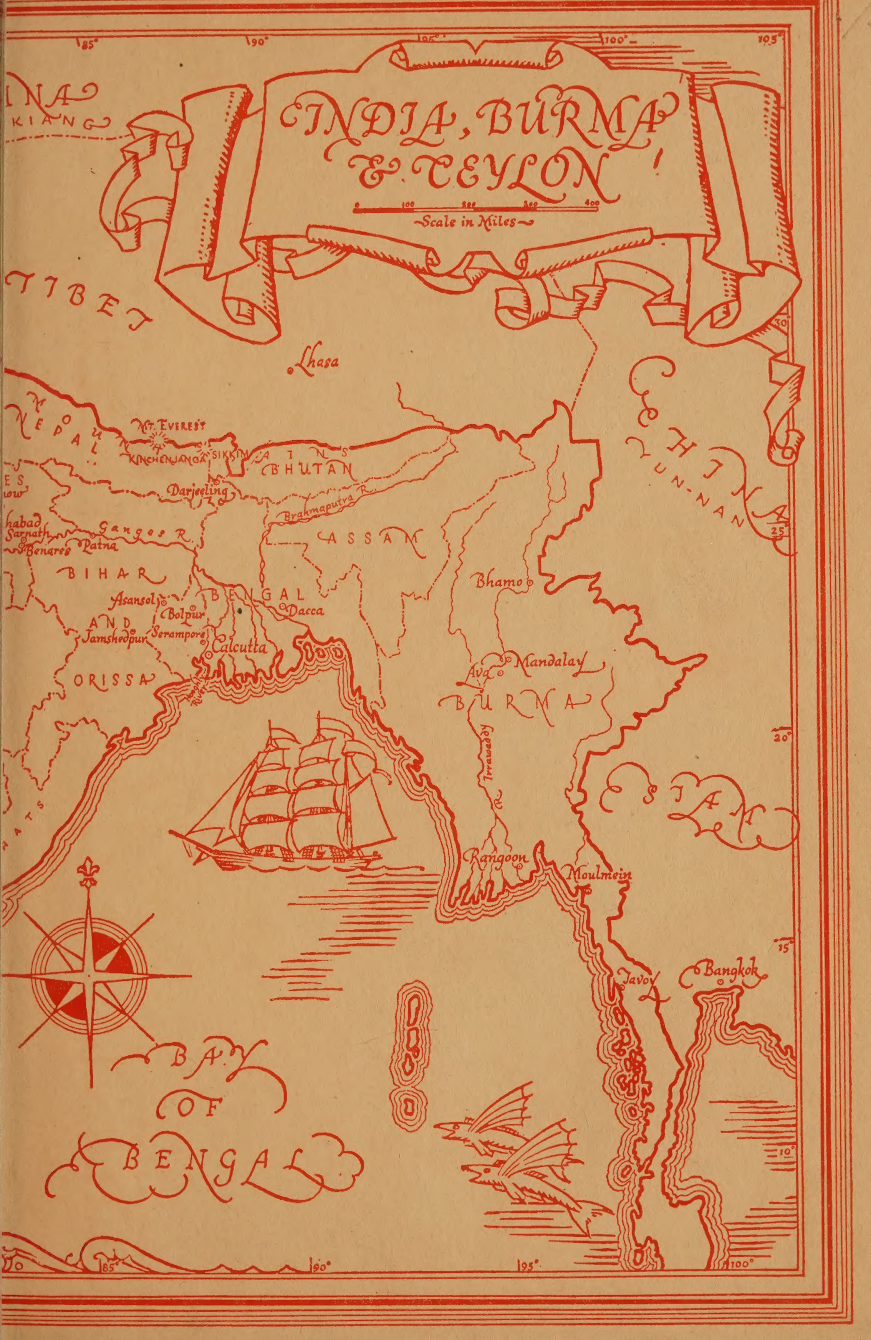
INDIA LOOKS TO HER FUTURE

Oscar MacMillan Buck


60°
65°
70°
75°
80°
35°
30°
25°
20°
15°
PERSIA
AFGHANISTAN
Kabul
KHYBER PASS
N.W. FRONTIER PROVINCE
Peshawar
Bannu
KASHMIR
Srinagar
Rawalpindi
R. Jhelum
Lahore
Amritsar
PUNJAB
Simla
Moga
Quetta
R. Sutlej
Hardwar
Meerut
Delhi
BALUCHISTAN
Bikaner
Aligarh
UNITED PR
Indus R.
Fatehpur-Sikri
Agra
RAJPUTANA
Gwalior
Jumna
Karachi
BOMBAY
Chitor
Ahmedabad
CENTRAL
Jubbulpore
Baroda
Narbada R.
Surat
SATPURA RANGE
Nagpur
CENT PROVI
ARABIAN SEA
Ahmednagar
Godavari R.
Bombay
Kedgaon
Poona
WESTERN GHATS
HYDERABAD
Sholapur
Miraj
Hyderabad
Dornakal
Kistna R.
Guntur
Ongole
GOA PORT.
MADRAS
CEYLON (same scale)
Jaffna
Anurdhapura
Kandy
Colombo
Malabar Coast
MYSORE
Madras
Bangalore
Vellore
Seringapatam
Calicut
Alwaye
Trichinopoly
Tanjore
Kodaikanal
Madura
TRAVANCORE
Pasumalai
Tinnevelly
Cape Comorin
CEYLO
180°

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
OCT 14 1930
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division DS407
Section .B8


INDIA, BURMA & CEYLON
0 100 200 300 400
Scale in Miles
85°
90°
95°
100°
105°
30°
25°
20°
15°
10°
INA
KIANG
TIBET
Lhasa
NEPAL
MOUNTAINS
Mt. Everest
Kinchenjanga
SIKKIM
BHUTAN
Darjeeling
Brahmaputra R.
ASSAM
Ganges R.
habad
Sarnath
Benares
Patna
BIHAR
AND
ORISSA
Asansol
Bolpur
Jamshedpur
Serampore
Calcutta
Hooghly River
BENGAL
Dacca
CHINA
YUN-NAN
Bhamo
Mandalay
Ava
BURMA
Irrawaddy
Rangoon
Moulmein
SIAM
Tavoy
Bangkok
BAY OF BENGAL

INDIA LOOKS TO HER FUTURE

BOOKS BY OSCAR MacMILLAN BUCK

"OUR ASIATIC CHRIST"
OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS
INDIA LOOKS TO HER FUTURE
WORKING WITH CHRIST FOR INDIA
AND IN COLLABORATION
INDIA BELOVED OF HEAVEN

OCT 14 1930
THEOLOGICAL SEMI

INDIA LOOKS TO HER FUTURE

By

OSCAR MacMILLAN BUCK

PROFESSOR OF MISSIONS AND COMPARATIVE
RELIGION, DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

NEW YORK
FRIENDSHIP PRESS

COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY
G. Q. LE SOURD

Printed in the United States of America

TO
JEAN AND SALLY

CONTENTS

Foreword ix

I. THE MOTHERLAND 1

Unity and Variety—The British Contribution—The Emergence of Nationalism—Cooperation or Non-Cooperation—Independence or Dominion Status—New Factors and New Problems—What of the Future?

II. NEW INTERESTS 32

India's Interest in Education—Rural Uplift—The Industrial Era.

III. DIVISION 65

Moslem against Hindu—How Hindus Divide Themselves—Caste against Outcaste—Where Are the Outcastes Going?

IV. RELIGIOUS ACHIEVEMENT 100

Idealization of the Vedic Age—Spiritual Victory in the Upanishads—Spiritual Joy in the Gita—A Modern Ascetic Saint.

V. THE INDIAN HOME 133

THE HINDU FAMILY—CHILD MARRIAGE—THE HINDU WIDOW—SECLUSION OF WOMEN—THE NEW DAY FOR INDIAN WOMANHOOD.

VI. INDIA AND THE WEST—AND CHRIST 167

INDIA'S CONTACTS WITH THE WEST—INDIA'S APPRECIATION OF CHRIST—WHAT INDIA YET LACKS—HOW CHRIST WILL BE MADE KNOWN.

READING LIST 203

INDEX AND GLOSSARY 208

FOREWORD

It needs no special gift of prophecy to be able to foretell that the decade of the 1930's will be fateful for all that great region known to the world as India. The fate of India will have its worldwide repercussions, for India is no small unit in our common human order. To serve as one interpreter of these stirring days this little book is commissioned and sent forth.

Many have helped me with valuable suggestions. To all these I give my salaams and thanks. I should like also to send a message of gratitude to Dr. Stanley Jones, who invited me to share his work for eight memorable months in 1925-26. Would it be amiss to slip into this foreword a greeting to my mother in her home in the Himalayas, where in her eighty-sixth year, the fifty-ninth of her missionary service, she walks in the sunset glow awaiting the sunrise? She will know from what home comes the love for India that has been the inspiration of this book.

Oscar MacMillan Buck

Madison, New Jersey
March 1, 1930

I

THE MOTHERLAND

IS there any joy like that of the homecoming after years of absence? So it was for me that October night when the fast up-mail from Howrah to Delhi pounded out on steel rails sweeter music than the soft singing of birds. The harsh rhythmic lullaby sang of the old India I had come across continents to see once more. Out there it was, in the darkness, the India of my birth and boyhood and early career, land of my studies and my love, of my diaries and my dreams! The dawn would send it out to the fields and into the bazaars, and I should regale my eyes once more. So the wheels promised all night long.

The wheels kept their promise and kept it abundantly. But somehow that night they did not warn me that alongside the old India I should keep seeing a newer India fast coming into man's estate and demanding new modes of self-expression and new degrees of self-control. A new vocabulary was on the air—words compounded of freedom. The older India had become the motherland; the newer India talked *swaraj*. But what can steel with its clacking tell of freedom? That needs daylight and the opening of men's hearts.

October passed into April, and in those months, with unusual privileges of travel and interview, I crossed from one end of India to the other, and from top to bottom and back again. The sixth of April found me in the city of my boyhood. Here was a chance to take stock. The week of the sixth of April is a holy week to Indian nationalists, the anniversary of Jallianwala's bloodshed, when in a waste space of the city of Amritsar, after a period of rioting, fifteen hundred unarmed men were shot down under the personal direction of a British general who had forbidden all assemblies. Mass meetings are held all over India on that day to keep the people from forgetting, to rekindle, as they put it, their *hosh*[1] and their *josh*—their wide-awakeness and their emotion.

The mass meeting that I attended was like any patriotic meeting, with platform and seats of honor, speeches and the display of enthusiasm. Outside the crowded tent the old India creaked along, unheeding and uncaring. A *paisa* of this and a *pauwa* of that was still the topic of conversation, as it used to be when as a lad I threaded my way through these very streets. Within the tent the new vocabulary was being used with large effect. It was like the bursting of the southwest monsoon upon burned and listless fields. It drenched their souls.

Such outbursts are not unique; every college football rally or political gathering has magic names and phrases to evoke a temporary madness. But sitting there looking into those Indian faces, I knew that here were two marvels that did not exist in my boyhood and that constitute a portent for the world. The first was that this newer India is an educated India; literacy brings one inside the tent. Where the intelligentsia lead, the illiterate will some day follow. *Paisa* and *pauwa* must surrender their age-old primacy to the larger ideas and larger measures of this age of self-determination of peoples, of nationalism and internationalism. And the second was that here was divided India—Hindu, Moslem, Christian, Jain, Sikh, Parsee—sitting down as one body to talk about a common interest. To have unified the vast diversity of India, to have unified it with such enthusiasm—that is the miracle of Indian nationalism.

---

[1] For meanings of Indian words, see Index.

Unity and Variety

Let no one imagine that nationalism, whatever the country, has universally identical features. Like the stars, one patriotism differs from another patriotism in glory. India might call hers matriotism, stressing woman's tenderness and beauty rather than man's rugged strength. Of course differences in nationalisms go back to differences in geography. Nationalism can overleap but it cannot materially change the physical features of a region.

When India was pieced together in geologic ages three things were determined for all time: that this great sub-continent should support a large population, that this population should be exceedingly varied, and that the several peoples should at some time feel certain influences which might tend to unify them. Density, variety, unity, these are the three basic factors of population as provided by geography.

We take out our maps. Where does the density of India's population lie? Along the great river plains of the north and the coastal plains of the south. In other words, in a wide strip along the Himalayas, and in two narrow strips, one along the Bay of Bengal and the other along the Arabian Sea. So fertile are these river and coastal plains that they support from two hundred and fifty to over five hundred human beings to the square mile. This fertility is insured by vast reservoirs of water, stored up and then distributed. On the south the Indian Ocean with its two great arms, the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal, holds the peninsula tight in its grasp and waters it through force of two monsoons, trade-winds off the water, which blow alternately from the southwest and the northeast. Thus the coastal plains are provided for. In the north a more stupendous system of irrigation is provided by the great mountain mass of the Himalayas, the Abode of Snow. These highest ranges and peaks in all the world catch the moisture of the southwest monsoon and partly pour it down in floods that coat the river valleys with fresh silt, and partly hold it in the form of snow for later irrigation. No wonder these men of North India worship the life-giving rivers and the snows that feed them. The Indus has given its name to the country; the Ganges is always Mother Ganga, the Brahmaputra is "the son of God."

The oceans and the mountains provide not only water but shelter for the multitudes. India, "white-ringed with ocean foam and snow," has its privacy, its natural separateness from other regions and other peoples. It is more difficult to build a nation where geography has not already determined the frontiers. India is roughly a triangle with all three of its boundaries natural—two seas and the world's highest mountains; a stronghold having two deep moats and a high wall. The bulk of population lies along these frontiers, sources of temptation to those who can break through the wall or leap the moats. Here lies an undoubted preliminary physical unity.

India has long been considered by outsiders as a unit, and it is natural that in time the insiders should learn to think likewise. Yet of real unity there is very little, except, perhaps, a common attitude toward life which pervades the continent and differentiates Indians from the rest of mankind.

If this ring of mountain and water had been perfect, India's history would be very different today. India's present problem has been caused by an imperfect mountain barrier and by the development of the art of navigation so as to turn broad oceans into narrowing sea-lanes. There are five mountain passes in the extreme northwest where the big Himalayas join the lower ranges of hills. Through these passes, scattered over six hundred miles, have been pouring in, through both historic and prehistoric times, countless "nations, tribes, peoples and tongues" that have conquered and absorbed, only to be conquered and absorbed in their turn. The history of India is a history of successive invasions followed by recoveries. Thus the strata of Indian races, peoples and languages have been formed, each the silent record of such a process. In our day the British have succeeded temporarily in locking and padlocking these treacherous open gates, and have created an entirely new frontier province to rest against the gates and keep them shut. Mention is made here only of the northwest passes, yet those small Mongolian groups which through the centuries trickled into northeast India through the almost impenetrable masses of hills and jungles that separate India from Burma, and Burma from the southwestern provinces of China, must not be overlooked.

They were mountain folk that thus pushed in, century by century—Indo-Europeans, Scythians, Huns, Afghans, Persians, Mongols, Turks—and mountain folk are not well fed; they have enormous appetites, due to exercise and mountain air that make muscular frames. Below them lay fertile river plains and rich cities. So they seized grain and gems and girls, as all marauders do. But to seize the girls was the beginning of their undoing, of the invaders' absorption into the life of the land. It is Mother India's trick to use her daughters to catch and tame invaders. Each invasion through this racial intermingling settled down and influenced India by means of its own peculiar language and customs. The invasions were well spent before they had penetrated the tangled hills and rough country dividing the southern peninsula from the northern river plains, so that the pre-Aryan Dravidian cultures of the south have survived in strength to our day. Because of the breaks in the mountain chain a land has been changed into a continent, and the peoples of India, divided into some eight primary racial groups and speaking, according to the official Linguistic Survey, one hundred and seventy-nine distinct languages and five hundred and forty-four dialects, have waited in confusion till history should reverse itself, should at last begin to build a national structure out of the varied materials that have been dumped through the centuries over the whole of India.

The last set of invaders came from the sea, and this time it was the rich coastal plains of the south, the Malabar and Coromandel coasts, that felt the push. These Europeans—Portuguese, Dutch, Danes, French and English—were sea folk and not mountain folk, and they played with different rules. They came not to raid and settle, but to act as agents. They did not represent themselves, but those behind them, and they were constantly returning to report and to retire. They were marionettes; somebody else held the strings of their lives.

The invaders fought among themselves until one group, the English, was victorious and was left to represent the chief impact of Europe upon India. The English reversed the rules: they kept their government at home and, when all was safe, brought their women with them. Their children were sent "home to England" and they themselves followed in due course. India could make no use of her classic method of absorption, could get no permanent grip on these newcomers. They have been and still are, after three hundred years of residence, strangers and foreigners in the land.

The British Contribution

Yet these English have been the destined agents of history in the unification of India. It cannot be too greatly emphasized that Great Britain is in a sense the mother of Indian nationalism. The modern nationalist movement in India is the normal culmination of long processes of constructive preparation. Vast foundations, material, intellectual, governmental, and lingual, had to be laid before the structure of Indian nationalism could arise. These the British have been laying, more or less consciously, decade after decade since India came under their ægis.

The story is a fascinating one. When the English ships first came to India, a new set of invaders that had pushed through the northwest passes was making its mark. These were the Moguls, Mongol-Turks from the region of the Caspian Sea, and they were fast approaching the zenith of their power. To think of conquering the Mogul empire or any part of it would have been the dream of madmen, and these sturdy English merchant seamen were not mad. They settled down finally at three little trading posts—two acquired by purchase and one as a marriage gift. The purchases have become Madras and Calcutta, and the marriage gift is now Bombay. The three greatest cities of modern India are these new cities, British-built centers of British and world trade and visible witness to the early English intention in India: namely, expansion of commerce.

While the English traded, the Mogul empire grew in extent and wealth and power. Then, in the early years of the eighteenth century, a foolish emperor, Aurangzeb, cracked it from top to bottom. In a time of chaos trading posts must be protected. The way to protect them is to protect the land about them. For a hundred years (1700-1800) the British did this protecting, and gradually built up the three great Presidencies of Bengal, Madras and Bombay.

By 1800 the time was ripe for a great expansion. By shaking the Indian tree vigorously, province after province might drop into English hands. Why not an Indian empire under the British flag? If all were grabbing, why should not the English grab also?

The English were not dull-witted, and early in that century they determined "that the English must be the one paramount power in the Indian peninsula, and that native princes could only retain the insignia of sovereignty by surrendering their political independence." For fifty-seven years the attack went on, until the policy of conquest was stopped by the Indian Mutiny, a premature and limited attempt at recovery. It failed in its immediate purpose, but succeeded in a larger way: it brought India directly under the control of the English crown and Parliament. It brought the British government and people to the recognition of their duty toward the Indian peoples. It stopped the policy of annexation. It gave birth to the Magna Charta of Indian liberties: "We desire," ran the Queen's proclamation of November 1, 1858, "no extension of Our present territorial possessions. . . . We shall respect the rights, dignity, and honor of native princes as Our own. . . . We hold ourselves bound to the natives of Our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all Our other subjects, and those obligations, by the blessing of God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfill. Firmly relying on the truth of Christianity and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose Our convictions on any of Our subjects." Thus the East India Company was abolished and India became an integral part of the vast British Empire. For another fifty-seven years, 1857-1914, Great Britain worked, not always consciously but always assiduously, to prepare her Indian subjects for nationhood. It is a record of which on the whole any Occidental people dealing with Orientals might well be proud.

The British peace gave quiet and protection of life and property to a land that had been in chaos. Good roads and forty thousand miles of railroads overcame the geographical barriers between the peoples and limited the havoc of periodical famines; telegraphs made quick communication possible; good government on the part of British officials with Indian helpers gave to Indian millions a contentment long unknown. Above all, the English language and a common English education brought the upper classes of all Indian peoples together, and made all-India congresses and assemblies possible. Without these governmental, material, intellectual and lingual benefits, India today could not be talking *swaraj*.

In all these developments it was to be expected that the Indians themselves would expect and demand to have a part. You cannot educate youth in any literature without communicating the ideas and ideals that throb in its pages. The Indian, in contact with English literature, was bound at some time to talk of parliaments and representative government and constitutional rights and freedom. Given any measure of self-conscious unity and the vocabulary of constitutional democracy, political agitation is as certain as the waxing of the new moon. The British have, on the whole, looked askance at this infant Indian nationalism. They did not like the child of their own begetting. They have, possibly from the very complexity and magnitude of the undertaking, or for reasons of their own safety and welfare in India, been grudging in the matter of its upkeep and upbringing. There are, of course, noble exceptions—notable Englishmen like Lord Ripon, Sir Edward Montagu, Lord Hardinge and the present Viceroy, Lord Irwin, who in their official capacity as administrators have shielded the young child and planned for its progressive and safe development.

THE EMERGENCE OF NATIONALISM

In the story of Indian nationalism there are three dates of outstanding importance.

The early mutterings of national unity and representative government first became a definite word in 1885, when seventy-two delegates from the various provinces, among them one or two sympathetic and active Englishmen, gathered to establish an Indian National Congress which was to meet annually and become, as it has, the principal medium for the free expression of nationalist sentiment. Its first word was very mild as it talked about "fuller development of those sentiments of national unity that had their origin in our beloved Lord Ripon's memorable reign," and went on to record its immense satisfaction that "by a merciful dispensation of Providence, India, which was for centuries the victim of external aggression and plunder of internal civil wars and general confusion, has been brought under the dominion of the great British power."

Twenty years passed, and in 1905 came the Russo-Japanese war, "that landmark in human history whose significance increases with the lapse of time." It was this war—when Asiatic first beat European at his own game and with his own weapons, and when the gathering flood of white dominance reached its crest and began to ebb—which helped to sweep Indian nationalism out of its more cautious and restrained channels into more exuberant and violent expression. The quiet river suddenly became a dangerous rapids. The assassin's bomb and bullet became the new weapons used with strange religious fervor, and *swaraj, swadeshi,* and *Bande Mataram* became the new rallying cries. But for strong measures followed by political concessions, on the British side, and but for the victory of the more conservative Indian leader, Gokhale, over the extremist, Tilak, in the Indian National Congress, India might easily have staged another premature revolution, this time with incalculable hurt to her own national cause.

The third significant date is 1919, but 1919 is postwar, and needs for its explanation an understanding of India's conduct during those fateful war years.

It is an epic of sacrifice and effort too easily forgotten. For the first time in India's history the Indian peoples performed a task in common and acted as the Indian people. This task was not merely to remain loyal to the British *raj,* but to contribute positively to the Allied victory by men, materials and money. Whatever of good Great Britain had done for India bore rich harvest during those anxious years of conflict. India in rebellion, taking advantage of British distress, might well have brought the Allied cause to despair and ruin.

India supplied more combatant troops than Canada and Australia put together and out of her poverty gave nearly a billion dollars in gifts and war loans. In sheer gratitude, not to speak of deference to that sentiment for "self-determination of small nations" which filled the air on America's entry into the war, Great Britain, in the announcement of the Secretary of State for India, E. S. Montagu, on August 20, 1917, gave India a solemn promise: "The policy of his Majesty's government with which the government of India are in complete accord, is that of increasing the association of Indians in every branch of the administration and the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government of India as an integral part of the British Empire. They have decided that substantial steps in this direction shall be taken as soon as possible. . . . I would add that progress in this policy can only be achieved by successive stages. The British government and the government of India on whom the responsibility lies for the welfare and advancement of the Indian peoples, must be judges of the time and measure of each advance, and they must be guided by the cooperation received from those upon whom new opportunities of service will thus be conferred, and by the extent to which it is found that confidence can be reposed in their sense of responsibility."

But alas for man and his promises! The gesture came too late, when Indian leaders were in no mood for Britain's cautious generosity. The home rule movement had grown too rapidly and was by this time demanding self-determination as wages earned by Indian conduct in the war. The ten plagues also had descended: Spanish influenza, high cost of living, failure of crops, activity of communist agents, returning emigrants smarting with the sense of injustice, agitators from America and Continental Europe, South African discrimination against Indians, agrarian unrest, sudden fall in the rupee, sedition. The Indian government, to control an increasingly difficult and dangerous situation, continued the martial law of the war period by passing certain bills against a solid Indian opposition. Then emerged Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi as the leader of Indian resistance to British "militarism" and "materialism." Mr. Gandhi's character is twofold, a combination of Hindu asceticism and Sermon-on-the-Mount pacifism. One side of Mr. Gandhi's character the West approves: his emphasis on spirit, on non-violence, on patriotism, on the elevation of the outcaste. His other side the West cannot comprehend: his reverence for the cow, his return to the hand-loom in protest against the machine age, and his revolt against all things Western.

Cooperation or Non-Cooperation

It was now 1919, the year famous for its April and its December. The thirteenth of April saw a cruel and senseless massacre of riotous though unarmed Indians at Amritsar in the Punjab, which gave Gandhi and his associates their rallying cry: "The Garden of Jallianwala!" Nationalism rose to white heat and burst into flame. The thirteenth of April became an annual day of humiliation and high patriotic resolve, the first all-India holy day of the nationalist cause, the first stage in the evolution of a national celebration.

Mr. Gandhi's following was then twofold: the extremist group among his fellow-Hindus, and the Moslems, whose stomachs the Turkish defeat, not so much on the field of battle as in the secret agreements and the treaties of peace, had soured. The greatest Moslem power in the world, Great Britain, had played false with Moslem interests, and all pious Moslems were now enjoined to punish the traitor. In this spirit and to this end the big, noisy, violent, meat-eating Ali brothers embraced in public the small, inoffensive, half-starved Hindu ascetic, and the strange dual alliance was on.

The more moderate Indians waited, discontented, to see what the British were up to, as the heavy mills of Parliament ground out the new bills for the government of India. So at last came December, when the British promise was built into legislative enactment and formally proclaimed. Nobody was thrilled. The moderates, however, set themselves to work the reforms, if they were workable, while the extremists shouted "Non-cooperation," thereby trying to bring to ruin what called for cooperation between English and Indian in the long process of training in self-government. The British set their hand to the plow that December day in 1919, and there could be no looking back to the good old days of benevolent paternalism.

The reforms were intended to do two things. The first was to make the unit of the new constitutional democracy not the central government of India but the provincial governments, of which there are nine, including Burma. In the provincial governments responsibilities are divided between British and Indians in a strange system called dyarchy. Those activities or departments of the provincial government which are considered vital to Indian security, such as revenue, justice, irrigation, police, prisons, are reserved to the British. Those other departments in which an error does not wreck the machinery or sink the ship—industry, agriculture, local self-government, public works, health, education, excise—are transferred to Indian ministers responsible to legislatures which are predominantly Indian and elected on the basis that each separate Indian community should have its share of members proportionate to its size and influence. It is a clumsy system, implying cooperation between Indian moderate and British moderate, when extremists on either side would ruin all. It is a system of double driving, one driver controlling the gas and steering wheel, the other the spark control, the gauges, the lights and horn.

The second purpose of the reforms was to introduce a considerably larger Indian element into the central government. Not dyarchy, but increased representation was here the aim: the Viceroy's Executive Council, his Cabinet, is given a larger proportion of Indian members; an upper house, called the Council of State, has sixty members of whom thirty-four are elected; the lower house, called the Legislative Assembly, has one hundred and forty-four members of whom all but forty are elected. These Indian legislatures have important powers: they vote supplies, make laws, criticize and even censure the administration; but their enactments may be set aside by the Viceroy in the name of the British Parliament, which still considers itself responsible for the government and welfare of India. There exists no restriction, therefore, on the British power of veto.

INDEPENDENCE OR DOMINION STATUS

Ten years passed, and the whole scheme has recently come up for Parliamentary revision. The general verdict is that it has worked to a degree, but not well. It is impossible to return to the former system, for nationalist India is aroused and clamorous; it is impossible to maintain the status quo, for the reforms are developing neither the spirit nor the technique of constitutional democracy and are unsatisfactory to both British and Indian; it is very difficult to pass on to dominion status, for India has not yet the unity, the training, or the traditions of such an autonomous unit; it would be even more difficult to grant complete independence, which would surely prove ruinous to Indian and British alike. The British Labor government has taken the bull by the horns, and through the present Viceroy, Lord Irwin, has declared for dominion status as the ultimate goal, leaving the time of its inception to be decided later. "I am authorized on behalf of His Majesty's Government," said the Viceroy's statement of November 1, 1929, "to state clearly that in their judgment it is implicit in the declaration of 1917 that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress, as there contemplated, is the attainment of dominion status."

While the December scheme thus worked its slow and tortuous way, the April group has also had its troubles and defeats. Gandhi's influence and reputation shot up like a rocket till all the world stood amazed at India's new prophet. His threefold scheme of non-violence, non-cooperation, and civil disobedience, all negative propositions, began to unfold. Non-violence was a magnificent attempt to match Britain's material force with India's *satyagraha,* but not every Indian is a *mahatma,* and the violent ones began to take this kingdom by storm. Gandhi could not hold a sufficiently tight rein upon his plunging associates, and after his imprisonment, which materially diminished his political leadership, he retired into his hermitage. Non-cooperation was shattered when one whole wing of the Swarajists, despite Gandhi's protest, stood for election and went into the new legislative councils and assembly to work for Indian home rule from within instead of from without. Civil disobedience, which was to give the final shakeup and shakedown to British rule through organization of whole areas to go on strike by refusing to pay taxes or recognize British overlordship (thus overloading the courts and jails and breaking the machinery of government), proved a rather bloody fiasco and was called off. The seventy millions of Moslems have, through their leaders, split off again from their Hindu associates and are playing the game according to the ancient rule of "Safety first for Moslems," which means, of course, to keep the British in India as buffer between them and the numerically preponderant Hindus. The Moslems have their own All-India Moslem League as distinguished from the Indian National Congress.

More recently (1928) the Indian National Congress has, through a strong committee, with Pandit Moti Lal Nehru at its head, drawn up a proposed constitution for India on the dominion status basis, doing away with communal voting, which perpetuates the ancient divisions and bitternesses. The constitution provides for a federal system with residuary powers vested in the central government and for full responsible government. To this scheme the bulk of the Moslem leaders and the representatives of the depressed classes are stubbornly opposed. Meanwhile the Hindu young bloods, impatient with British tactics, are clamoring for more decisive policies and rougher play. Under the combined leadership of its president, Jawahar Lal Nehru,[1] and of Gandhi, who has reemerged into political prominence, the Indian National Congress in 1929 reversed itself and declared for independence rather than for dominion status; for non-violent civil disobedience at the call of the Executive Committee of the Congress when the time is considered ripe; for resignation of Indian members from all provincial legislative councils and the Indian Legislative Assembly and the boycott of such; and for refusal to cooperate with the British in any round table conferences in London called, in the words of the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, to "break through the webs of mistrust that have lately clogged the relations between India and Great Britain" and "to bring to the body politic of India the touch that carries with it healing and health."[1] In addition Mr. Gandhi demands the total prohibition of liquor, reduction of military expenditure and land taxes to half their present amount, reduction of the salaries paid to high-grade officials, abolition of the criminal investigation department, amnesty for political prisoners, a protective tariff on foreign cloth, and permission for the use of firearms for self-defense, subject to popular control. He has also objected to government monopoly in the manufacture of salt and to the tax of one rupee and four annas on every eighty pounds—a condition which bears disproportionately upon the poor, since it concerns a prime necessity of life.

---

[1] Son of Moti Lal Nehru. Sherwood Eddy, in the *Christian Century* of January 8, 1930, describes him as "a fine-featured Brahman of Kashmir, with a highly intelligent, sensitive, sad face, a perfect gentleman of English training at Harrow and Cambridge. . . . He is the leader of the left wing party, standing for full independence for India, of the organized radical youth movement, and to some extent of the trade union movement of industrial workers . . . He is a man of high honor, of sensitive conscience, holding very much the same attitude to the British Empire that Thomas Jefferson did in 1776."

---

[1] Perhaps it should be added here that Great Britain's greatest asset in India today is the personality and character of the Viceroy. Sherwood Eddy writes in the article previously noted: "I was deeply impressed by the character of Lord Irwin, who has won a greater measure of confidence than any viceroy in India during the present generation. . . . He is first and foremost a simple, straightforward man, and a humble, genuine Christian. . . . On his arrival he refused to land in India on Good Friday, and the simple sincerity of his religious faith has impressed all India. Tall, homely, I found in him a humility and tenderness suggestive of Abraham Lincoln. The leaders on both sides of the present political struggle in India are high-minded, able, disinterested, among the finest men in the world."

The issue today is clear-drawn. On the one hand is the official Indian Legislative Assembly, which is Great Britain's solution for an ultimate autonomy. On the other hand is the unofficial Indian National Congress, the indigenous plant tended by Indian hands, which is expected to bear the fruit of freedom during the lifetime of its guardians. One is safe and uninspiring and slow in its growth; the other is passionate and dangerous and susceptible to violent losses and recoveries. One is representative of all the communal groups in India; the other is essentially Hindu in its composition. One meets in formal gathering week after week in a magnificent building in the new imperial city at Delhi, the winter capital (the summer capital is Simla). The other meets each year under canvas at the time of the Christmas holidays, and each year in a different city so that all of India may come under the spell of its enthusiasms. The Indian National Congress is no staid parliamentary gathering. It is a shouting mob kept with difficulty under restraint by its presiding officer, whose voice would be helpless but for the amplifiers. Around the tent is a small city of booths and exhibits and vendors that add immensely to the good time of the delegates and to the entertainment of citizens. The actual work of the Congress is done by a small committee of leaders who among themselves determine the policies. Thus Europe imposed on India, and India aping Europe, struggle together, and in the background stands the motherland, silently waiting to learn her fate.

New Factors and New Problems

As the struggle progresses, new factors and new problems emerge. The awakening sense of one great motherland is bringing back the consciousness that there are in India many motherlands, smaller in area, but to the people far more living and real. These smaller motherlands, areas of historic languages and culture, do not coincide with the boundaries of the present-day provinces on which the whole reform scheme of the British is built. There are therefore two sets of integral units composing the nation called India: one the ancient home-lands of distinctive peoples, the other the more recent divisions artificially created as the result of conquest or for the sake of political manipulation. It is the ancient home-lands that have the inherent significance here, for they are not artificial but vital, and in them are to be found strong movements for the revival of old cultures. For example, the Tamil people of the south are becoming intensely self-conscious, and Tamil land is more to them than the Madras Presidency. The Telugu peoples of the east coast are divided among provinces and states, but they long for their Andhra-land and Andhra ways. The Bengalis are passionate in their devotion to Mother Bengal. The Biharis, hitherto merged with others, are extricating themselves and their own rich traditions. The Mahrattas of the west have been makers of history in India's past and are dreaming of a greater Maharashtra. The Gujeratis, Gandhi's own folk, are recovering the genius of Gujerat. The Hindus of ancient Hindustan—the upper Ganges-Jumna valley—are awakening and looking beyond the United Provinces. The Punjabis, the Uriyas, the Rajputs, the Malayalis—who can name the list of resurgent nations in this sub-continent?

Each of these awakening peoples has its own language and literature, its own customs and memories. Many of them have their own alphabets and modes of writing, different from all others. These vital smaller nationalisms, so rooted in the people's own past, so close to their lives, so bound up with food and song and dress and dwelling and proverb and industry, furnish a serious problem not only to the British scheme of government but to their own larger all-India nationalism. Will not these smaller nationalisms, these race and language and culture patriotisms, as they strive to recover their full self-expression, fall afoul of one another and create such jealousies and bitternesses as to make a united India impossible? Is a United States of India any more possible than a United States of Europe? The future has to take this on its lap as well. It is a kind of plum-pudding the British are mixing in India, and one more ingredient needs to be mentioned: to variety add unity, to Anglo-Saxon parliaments add Asiatic despotisms; stir well and bake long;

result, an autonomous India, within the commonwealth of nations.

It remains to speak of the Asiatic despotisms. We have seen something of the game of Grab that was being played in the eighteenth century when the Mogul empire began to fall to pieces, and how in this game the British became so proficient that by 1857 they had succeeded in grabbing some two-thirds of the land and four-fifths of the people. Then the British themselves blew the referee's whistle and called the game. Moved by their traditional sense of fair play—as well as by the lessons of the Indian Mutiny—they posted new rules which declared very solemnly (in the November 1, 1858, proclamation of Victoria Regina): "We desire no extension of Our present territorial possessions. We shall respect the rights, dignity, and honor of national princes as Our own; and we desire that they as well as Our own subjects should enjoy prosperity and that social advancement which can only be secured by internal peace and good government."

The British have played fair with the rules and with the native princes. These Indian states remain, areas colored yellow on the maps in distinction from British red. They are nearly all of them Asiatic despotisms, tempered more or less by British oversight. Mysore, Baroda, Travancore and Cochin have different forms of representative government; other states have advisory councils; in most the rule is autocratic. The Indian princes are not permitted to run to extremes in oppression or neglect of their peoples, but within the extremes they are in their own persons the government. And they clothe and house their important persons with true Asiatic splendor,

> Where the gorgeous East with richest hand
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

There are about seven hundred of these rulerships in all parts of India, some small and some as large as the British provinces: the Nizam's Dominions, Mysore, Kashmir, the Mahratta states of Baroda and those in Central India, the state of Rajputana, and so on.[1] What causes the confusion is that these units have no direct administrative connection with the rest of India and are thus outside the national movement. Their relationships have been with the crown and with the viceroy as representative of the crown, and not with the provinces. In 1919, to close the gap, a slender bridge was thrown, a Chamber of Princes, which meets annually to take counsel with the viceroy. This chamber sits in the great legislative house at Delhi with the two representative bodies of British India, and is empowered if it so desires to meet in joint session with them; but it never so desires. The native princes in general have no great love for representative government and its ways. They are willing that British India should go its way to constitutional democracy provided they are not compelled to go along at the same speed. Some are willing to experiment with the beginnings of representative government, but under conditions in which no threat can be made to their personal authority.

---

[1] Of 722,495 villages and towns in India, 183,686, covering more than one-third the total area, are under Hindu, Moslem, and Sikh rulers.

Can they, however, permanently remain separate and aloof? Nationalist India insists on a total India. Can the Indian princes hold their forts while the rest of India marches past to the tune of democracy? Can these Indian states long remain separate and detached units when railways and telegraphs and highroads and posts interlock them with British India, and when they are pouring their surplus population in a steady stream into great cities like Calcutta and Bombay where many make large fortunes? Will the Indian princes come to realize, as three or four are beginning to do, that just because their small states are free from the complications that beset British India, they can, by wise use of their personal authority, provide a measure of self-government to their people, after the manner of Japan, which will make them models of what the combination of old and new, Indian and foreign, can accomplish in the field of efficient and prosperous government?

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

What of the India that is to be? Let us ask any unofficial Englishman who has had experience in India. He will probably answer after this fashion: "It is a gamble whether we win or lose. If Englishmen in numbers are allowed to remain in the services, they will provide sufficient stiffening to hold the thing up, otherwise it will collapse from the sheer weight of Indian inefficiency. We are not interested in 'the motherland,' nor even in India as sister to Canada, South Africa and Australia. No Englishman grows sentimental about India's place in the empire. He much prefers not to talk about it, but instead to let British finance, trade, and administration go their routine way. India is useful, not beautiful; and while we grow to jolly well like some Indians, especially the poor *ryot* and the military class, yet nobody thinks of introducing them to his wife and family. If the extremists would keep their hands off and let us work this thing out with the more moderate nationalists and with the Moslems, India would have a better show. But those men want chaos and dark night."

Let us ask a liberal Indian. He grows sober as he replies: "An idea never dies, nor can the motherland. She comes to us by stages, not by any sudden throwing back of a door. Before she comes there must be much preparation, and it takes many hands, white as well as brown. We are suspicious of the British, we no longer have the same confidence in their sincerity; but we cannot get along just now without them. They are a necessary evil. We must consider the fixed quantity in our problem or we get nowhere. To get a solar system out of whirling planets there must be some powerful body at the center—we have none such among ourselves. Some of the British we like; more of them we dislike. They have shared their culture with us freely, they are incorruptible and indefatigable, they are just and they are brave, but they despise us in their hearts. And we never forget that. Let us have dominion status now and we shall gladly stay within the empire. But for the sake of cooperation we cannot pay too great a price. Autonomy too long delayed would drive us farther toward desperation than we desire to go."

Our Swarajist is all aflame to answer. His sentences come short and sharp: "We are the largest subject race on earth. Where else are there three hundred millions of people that take their orders from another race? Is not self-respect the first word in self-government? Chaos? Let it come. It will be chaos with self-respect; out of the ruins we shall build our own and not a hybrid nation. But chaos is a British bogey with which our overlords would frighten us. Once launched on the seas of self-government in our own ship, we who quarrel among ourselves in the harbor would soon come to terms of discipline. Responsibility sobers and unites. There is no nation but has some record of chaos in its beginnings. The thirteen American colonies flirted with chaos for many years; so did the French republic; Germany has had its divisions and disasters, but lives happier today than ever. Russia—China—can any nation be more disjointed and unwieldy than modern China, seemingly more hopelessly chaotic? Yet China's trade and industry carry on and bear increase, and slowly the political institutions of the future begin to rise. It is only in their old age that nationalisms die. India's nationalism is newborn. Its curve is up, not down. Chaos?" He laughs bitterly. "Chaos without exploitation! We acknowledge the material benefits and the peace of British rule, but what about the hundreds of millions of dollars that go each year out of our wretched poverty to pay the high salaries and even the pensions of English officials, the interest on foreign loans, the dividends to British investors in Indian industries controlled by the British? England, you know, is not in India for her health. If India were not profitable to her, there would be no argument between us. If the white man's burden didn't have its little compensations in bankbooks and pocketbooks, how long would the noble sense of duty keep it resting on tired shoulders?"

Confused by these divergent voices, we ask an American missionary of large experience and warm emotions who is neither British nor Indian in his point of view. He shakes his head solemnly but there is a gleam in his eye. "Things look dark, very dark. When sincere and determined men get hold of opposite ends of a problem and both begin to pull and wind, of course there is a tangle, and the untying of knots becomes added to the original difficulty. English and Indian, both are sincere, and both can make a case in any court of arbitration. On the other hand, on some points both are superficial and shortsighted. Neither seems to see clearly that the problem of self-government is fundamentally not political, but ethical. It is a matter of human character. Only the man who can govern himself according to the highest ideals of unselfish service is fit to govern others. Dominion status and independence, what are they but names? They must be achieved and worked out by men. Men with good-will can accomplish either; men without good-will would wreck both. Do you not see that for the peace and welfare of India you must get far below the politics and economics of the day into the realm of character-building? Into this realm neither Indian nor British in their debates and contentions, in their congresses and assemblies and parliaments, are seriously entering. They disregard it as of little account or concern. They are going to build with bricks but without mortar, and the end, of course, whatever building is attempted, will be distress and disillusionment. Only the moral character which is built on the ethics and example of Jesus can fulfill the dreams of Indian nationalists. So we who love India and want to see an Indian nation are introducing Indians to Christ. 'Christ the only hope of India' is an expression which has taken on new meanings since India began to be a nation, and to those new meanings we are giving ourselves with eager enthusiasm and joy."

II

NEW INTERESTS

NO one can be unimpressed by India's multitudes. There they are as the train rushes you past them: in fields, in countless huddled villages, in the many smaller cities and the few great crowded ones—multitudes, multitudes!

When India is rushing past my train window it is hard to read. Why should I waste time with a book? It is the hour to "watch and pray" and to "think on these things." Why are there such multitudes—more than three hundred millions in India itself, apart from Burma? China guesses at her population; India every ten years gives you exact figures in the greatest piece of census-taking that the world knows anything about. Multitudes in the fields and multitudes on the census forms tell the same story of overcrowding; in the mouths of these two witnesses it is firmly established. Why this overcrowding? Like the old woman who lived in the shoe, Mother India has so many children she doesn't know what to do. But from there the rhyme goes into tragedy. Is it the British *raj* that keeps down the periodic wars and famines and pestilences by which nature has controlled population pressure in the past? Is it the urge for sons to keep the Hindu family intact and prosperous, added to the already abundant reproductivity of all tropical and semi-tropical life? Is it lack of knowledge of economic consequences? All these no doubt have played their part.

Overcrowding amid limited resources means one thing, poverty. Multitudes, poverty: these two are written all over the countryside. It is not simplicity, it is poverty. Simplicity strips human life of non-essentials, and may provide a splendid discipline; but poverty removes even the essentials: wholesome and sufficient food, cleanliness in person and dress, a decent house to sleep in, fuel with which to cook, some significant meaning and artistry to human life. "Give us bread, but give us roses also"—that is the cry which makes and keeps men human. Somehow to me the wheels are singing, "I am come . . . life abundantly . . . good tidings to the poor . . . give ye them to eat."

The poverty of India! What follows in its train? A whole procession of ills. Illiteracy, which shuts the storehouses of the past and present—for what leisure is there for education? Hard, petrified custom—for what leisure is there to invent new ways? Cramped interests—for what opportunity is there for travel and contact with the larger world? Toil—see them at it from dawn to darkness, old and young, male and female. Debt—almost every family in India staggering along. Disease—to them produced by forces in the spirit world, uncanny and unreasonable. Death—coming far too soon for infant and adult, while pitiful hands knowing not how to hold it off clutch despairingly at hair and breasts. Fear—twin sister of ignorance, harrying them while they vainly try to propitiate that which they fear by every conceivable form of do-this and do-that.

And here a crowd of naked laughing boys, playing in the river beside the bridge where the train had halted, broke in upon my reveries to remind me I had forgotten some things. What about India's abundant laughter? What about the drums and the singing, the pilgrimages to holy rivers and holy cities, the festivals where the rural population forgets its accustomed drabness and riots in color? What about the bangles and anklets and toe rings and nose rings and all the other delights of adornment? What about the Himalayas, where above the poverty of the Indian plain God lifts his majesty as nowhere else on our planet? What about the ethereal quality of moonlight in this land, the birds of brilliant plumage, the jasmine and marigold and lotus, the mango groves and the greenness of fields? And the tameness of small creatures unafraid in a land where life is certain not to be spilled? And the voice chanting by the roadside or in some village court the ancient heroisms and romances of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, India's Iliad and Odyssey, or the songs of devotion to some favored deity, while rapt untutored listeners follow the singer and have as their reward a line or two to chant themselves as they go out to the tiny field, carrying the plow on their shoulder and driving the yoke of oxen ahead?

It is with this background that the Indian nationalist approaches his problem. It is in this life of India as it is, not as it ought to be, that he discovers his fresh interests.

INDIA'S INTEREST IN EDUCATION

In the first place, the Indian nationalist is beginning to realize that a free India must be a literate India. He cannot build his own great national structure on illiteracy.

Illiteracy has always made a very satisfactory foundation for great despotisms. Over the prostrate bodies and broken spirits of the proletariat, to use a current word, the conquerors have ridden. They hold their power until shaken from their political or ecclesiastical or commercial thrones by the next conqueror, while the peasants in the villages and the toilers in the cities remain patiently mute or ineffectually restive. India has an enormous proletariat, and it is illiterate.

But as long as British power holds, no despotism can set itself over the proletariat in India. Under present conditions freedom will never be gained or granted for purposes of despotism, whether it be the despotism of an individual in an autocracy or the despotism of a class in a bureaucracy. Indian autonomy can only be worked out through experiments in constitutional democracy. In no other way can the national variety be changed into national unity. Now democracy implies an electorate, and an electorate requires intelligence in the individual, and intelligence presupposes something more than the present vast illiteracy, which is almost ninety-two per cent of India's millions. The fact that some eighty-seven per cent of the males and some ninety-seven per cent of the females cannot read or write and have never attended school, enormously complicates the problem of nationalism and the attainment of self-government.

This brings us to the interesting story of education in India, past, present and future. It is a story in which the threads of success and failure lie so strangely intertwined that one wonders whether this checkered fabric is light or dark in its total effect. It is a debate royal when the Indian with his whys and the Englishman with his hows argue the educational achievements of one hundred years of British rule in India.

Why, asks the Indian, is literacy no higher than eight in a hundred after all these years?[1] Why has England been so unconcerned about mass education? Was it not because she realized that education of the masses would hamper her paternal despotism? Why have Indians, with all their native ability, contributed comparatively little to the world's store of knowledge? Why has England educated selected Indians for government offices and for the two or three professions of law and journalism and medicine, rather than for application to the many needs of the country? Why is so much money spent on the military defence of India and so little on educational opportunities for its boys and girls?

---

[1] In all India, out of a total population of about 320,000,000, only 22.6 millions were literate; of these 19.8 millions were males and 2.8 millions females (Census of 1921). An official publication puts the estimated population of India in 1927 at 328,000,000, of which 26.2 millions are literate; of these 22.7 millions are males, and 3.5 millions females. (From *India in 1927-28.*)

And the Englishman volleys back: How can you have education for all when you are dealing with hundreds of millions, and not a little handful of millions, as in the Philippines? The very idea of widespread popular education is too recent to have produced any great results in a land so various and so conservative as India. How can you have mass education when you cannot tax the masses for their education? How can you provide teachers for low-caste and outcaste millions when educated high castes refuse to become teachers? And how can you supply schools for all when high-caste boys and girls so generally refuse to sit with boys and girls that are to them untouchable? How can you have a high rate of literacy when the education of girls has so long been considered by Indians either impossible or unsafe? How can you staff the administration or the great professions without an abundant supply of trained clerks and "pleaders" and doctors? How can you have any orderly life at all without guarded frontiers holding back the wild tribes of the mountains that know neither fear nor law? How can the Indian expect more than the English themselves are getting, for the emphasis in England is on the higher education of the few rather than on the elementary education of the many?

So, in brief, runs the argument of the whys and hows, and in the meantime the education of Indian children remains dangerously inadequate for the constitutional democracy that is to be.

While many and serious have been the failures of government, there are successes to note and many which deserve commendation. It is a great story of cooperating agencies, the story of the time when the government of India and the various provincial governments laid out the schemes for Indian education on the basis of modern Western curricula, and recognized generously the aid that was being given by Christian missions and by Indians themselves in their own schools. All three groups—official, missionary, and private Indian—were working under government regulation and supervision for the same educational ends, but with different emphases. The government by its system of grants-in-aid supplied a considerable proportion of the finances necessary for buildings, teaching staff, and running expenses. On the whole there has been harmony among the three groups, and India has benefited as a result.

In the story of education in India three dates stand out as of special significance. Foremost of the three is 1835, when two great movements converge and issue in a new destiny. To understand 1835 one must make an imaginative journey to London and to Calcutta simultaneously. In London the conscience of England was astir and there was written into the charter of the East India Company, which held its power "in trust for His Majesty, his heirs and successors, for the Service of the Government of India," a clause which reads, "And it is Our further will that, so far as may be, Our subjects of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to office in Our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability and integrity, duly to discharge." In Calcutta a young Scotch missionary still in his twenties, by name Alexander Duff, was proving to the Indian world that higher education in the English language is not only practicable but desirable. As a result it came to pass that Lord William Bentinck, then governor general, listened to the "minute" of Thomas Babington Macaulay, president of the board or general committee to consider education in India, and issued his Resolution of March 7, that "the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India, and that the funds appropriated to education would be best employed in English education alone." It was a momentous decision to which the Christian conscience and Christian missions had contributed—to make English the language of culture and of administration in India.

In 1854, the second date, just before the Indian Mutiny and the taking over of the government by the crown, another great reforming governor general, Lord Dalhousie, was feverishly working out his schemes for the modernization of India. From London there came to him the Education Despatch, prepared, with the co-operation of experienced missionaries, by Sir Charles Wood, grandfather of the present Viceroy, Lord Irwin, which he immediately proceeded to put into effect. This provided for a widespread system of vernacular schools leading up to the English-teaching high schools and colleges, which in turn prepared students for the examinations and degrees issued by the great examining universities; and it provided also for financial assistance to any and all private schools, Christian, Hindu, Moslem and others, which would help in the work of education along lines laid down by the government.

The third date, 1904, is not so significant for what it did as for what it began to do. The Universities Act of that year unleashed the tempest in educational circles, and since then the winds of educational reform have been blowing high. In any case, the events of 1835, 1854, and 1904 are but steps to some supreme policy yet to be adopted, which will bring into harmonious relation English and the vernaculars, literature and science, the life of the city and the life of the village, and which will give every boy and girl a chance, and make the intelligence and scholarship of Indians respected throughout the world.

The signs of this new policy are evident on every hand, and Indian nationalists are increasingly showing their interest in it. It is no little thing that the English language is the language of the intelligentsia of India. And how perfectly many of them speak it and write it! India's contributions to English literature are already important, as the numerous readers of Rabindranath Tagore, Sarojini Naidu, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, and Ananda Coomaraswamy can testify. The English language not only joins Indian to Indian in a common tongue, but joins India herself to the great English-speaking world: to the British Empire, the United States, the Philippines, and to those countries of Europe and the Far East which make English their second language and speak it with ease and fluency. The English language, furthermore, is the open sesame to the great treasures of literature and science and historic research, for everything that is significant finds its sure way into English translation, where it is available to the largest single block of readers on this planet. Nor must we forget that in the study of English literature the English Bible holds an important place, and that the Bible societies are seeing to it that whoever would read this greatest masterpiece of all may have it for a song.

Alongside of English are the great vernaculars of India, eleven of them, used by more than ten million people each. Since 1854 the elementary schools have been carried on in the vernaculars, and provision has been made in higher educational institutions for the further study of their rich literature. As a result not only do the vernaculars live on as the spoken languages of India, but they are undergoing vast development as written languages. Nationalism is speeding up the process, and the literary renaissance is at flood. Tons of new books and booklets and journals and news sheets are finding their way into the book stalls of the railway stations, into the bazaars, and into the packs of the peddlers.

Of some eighty-five hundred books published in

India in a recent year more than three-fourths were in the vernaculars, and of the total, about twenty-five hundred were religious and devotional and twenty-one hundred were books of poetry and song—a sure indication that the depths are stirred. It is a healthy sign when any people breaks into singing. On the floods of song India is loosing her boats and sailing out into the unexplored. Village mothers are singing new lullabies to arouse and not to drug little minds.

Another sign of the new spirit is the increasing interest in compulsory primary education. Experiments are being conducted in favored areas, namely, the progressive Indian states of Baroda and Mysore. In British India the provincial legislative councils have declared themselves in favor of the principle of compulsory education, but they await the favorable action of the municipalities and district boards in whose hands the powers and function of primary education largely rest. In many places these bodies have responded and the great experiment is on.[1] These are but stirrings, and it will be a long time before India can boast an actual public school system which, as in Japan, includes the entire boy and girl population. At present, if any boy who wanted an education could get it, that would be achievement enough.

There is a new appreciation of the fact that education in India must be more varied than heretofore, that there must be greater emphasis on the vocational side, that education should prepare Indians for types of work representative of the total life of India rather than solely for the tasks of clerks and professional men for whom there are not enough positions to go round. The fruit of the tree in the past has too often been bitterness.[1]

---

[1] Compulsion has been introduced into 114 municipalities and 1,527 rural areas in British India, of which one-half the municipalities (57) and all but 28 of the rural areas (1,499) are in the one province of the Punjab. (From *India in 1927-28.*)

The education of girls is much to the fore. "Male and female created He them" and they rise and fall together. What sounds like a truism is the result of gradual discovery. Slowly, very slowly, the peoples of the earth come to its realization. India has despised the education of her daughters, as witness only three per cent of female literacy. More recently India has feared the education of her daughters. There was no predicting what chaos, social and moral, might follow. But at long last, with infinite patience on the part of aroused Indians, of government educationalists, of Christian missionaries, the blind begin to see that an illiterate womanhood means unintelligent wives and incompetent mothers, and that the India of the next generation will be no better off than the India of this, with half the population pulling backward on the ropes. In political and social congresses and assemblies it is now considered good form to talk on the necessity for female education, and slowly, bit by bit, talk directs itself into accomplishment. In this matter, more promising than man's talk is woman's talk, and it is one of the hopeful signs that representative women in a national women's congress under distinguished leadership are agitating for the rights of women in education.[1]

---

[1] In 1926, 87,600 students were in the universities and colleges of India. Of these, 70,000 were in the arts and sciences colleges, over 8,000 were studying law, 9,500 were entering the other professions (medicine, engineering, commerce and teaching), 641 were learning agriculture, 272 veterinary science, and 119 forestry.

The old universities of Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Allahabad, and the Punjab were really not universities, but examining boards which tested students sent up by affiliated colleges, and granted degrees to a proportionately few successful candidates. Since the World War new "teaching universities" like those at Lucknow, Patna, and Dacca, where the best is being given to India's youth through contact with distinguished men in the classrooms, are bringing new life into higher education. The colleges are active also in athletics, to which, strangely, the young Indian takes as enthusiastically as the British-born. In cricket, field hockey, soccer, and tennis the Indian college teams challenge the assertion that the virility of Indian youth is seriously low.

The transfer of the administration of education in 1919 to Indian ministers in the provincial governments, thereby holding Indians themselves responsible for their educational welfare, partakes of all the weakness of dyarchy, for finance is a "reserved" subject—reserved to the British—and educational autonomy without financial autonomy amounts to about as much as: Mother, may I go out to swim?

---

[1] Among 120,000,000 females in British India, only 1.7 millions were undergoing instruction, 1.4 millions in primary schools, 174,000 in secondary institutions and a little over 1,400 in universities and colleges. In 1926 there were 29,806 schools for girls in India. The rate of increase in schools for girls is about a thousand a year. (From *India in 1926-27.*)

In all these educational developments, it needs to be repeated, three sets of agencies are working and for the most part working together: the official British and Indians responsible for educational policies and administration, the non-official Indians working in numerous institutions of various sorts and grades, and the non-official Christian missionaries with their truly marvelous contribution to India's welfare. Each of these three works under its own handicap, but each is necessary to the whole.

The government institutions, conducted by the municipalities, district boards, provincial governments and the central government, are of necessity purely secular. They cannot provide adequately for the great moral problems which India's educated leadership must handle and solve, and their failure is becoming increasingly apparent and portentous. They are also hampered by lack of funds in a country where taxation must be kept low. They fall far below their responsibilities to the group areas where illiteracy is densest. While all this is true, on the other hand at least three words must be spoken in commendation of the educational work of the government. First, be it remembered that the burden of educating India's youth falls upon government. It is the public institutions which turn out the bulk of

India's literate and educated community. Second, it is the governments, central and provincial, which show not only the greatest sympathy with matters of educational reform but, frequently, the greatest activity as well. In vocational training, teacher training experiment stations, and so on, the governments are in the forefront. And third, be it ever to the credit of the men, British and Indians alike, who provide for and carry out the educational programs of the governments, that they do their work with amazing good spirit, loyalty and ability. If only more money could be diverted into the channels of education and there were less hampering of one department by another in the scheme called dyarchy, these same men could evolve and put through a system of public and university education which would do marvels in raising the literacy of India in one generation.[1]

The Hindu and Moslem private schools form a contrast to the secular schools. They teach the same subjects in much the same way, under government inspection, but with a difference. They are concerned for the preservation of India's Hindu and Moslem past, and would shore up the settling walls which threaten to slip into the waters of secularism running past them in flood strength. So they add to the required curriculum of government strong moral and religious emphases, lest young Hindu and young Moslem fall from the faith and practices of the fathers. Many of these institutions are worthy of an entire chapter. It is a liberal education for a Christian to visit the Central Hindu University at Benares, where in this holiest of their cities has been set by pious Hindus a marvel of modern science and the liberal arts which fits the surrounding orthodoxy about as well as the legendary bull in the china shop. Or to visit the great Moslem University at Aligarh, where liberal Islam steps out boldly to march with the new day, and thousands of keen young Moslems in their red fezzes and black coats are sure that Islam and science can live peaceably together in a man's mind. Or to visit the unique international university which Sir Rabindranath Tagore and his associates have established at Bolpur in Bengal, where all state curricula have been cast aside and students enjoy the best in each great culture as it is expounded by some teacher who interprets the heart of it, because he is himself a part of it. Here religion rules, and to meditate on God and life is as natural as the simple fare and dress and shelter. Or Mahatma Gandhi's National College near Ahmedabad, or the Arya Samaj college at Lahore.

---

[1] Figures are here given to indicate the expansion of education in India: Number of pupils in 1860, less than half a million; 1880, two millions; 1900, four and a half millions; 1920, eight millions; 1926, eleven millions. Public money spent on education: 1890, about Rs. 14,000,000; 1900, Rs. 16,000,000; 1910, Rs. 30,000,000; 1920, Rs. 85,000,000; 1925, Rs. 127,000,000. In British India in 1926, 7,800,000 pupils, or 21 per cent of the population of school age, were undergoing primary education; 1,720,000 were in secondary schools; 86,177 men and 1,412 women were in colleges. In India today there are about 2,250 high schools, 165 colleges and 16 universities. (From *India in 1926-27.*)

And what about Christian schools in India? Are they necessary? Do they make any unique contribution to the motherland? Are they of any size or importance? I asked an Indian friend, a non-Christian, as to the Christian contribution to India's literacy. "Numerically," he replied, "it is very considerable."[1] Then with a twinkle in his eye: "You see there are so many Christian denominations and each has to have its own set of schools, from kindergarten to college, so that when you add the schools all up and multiply by the number of denominations the answer is 'Quite some,' as you Americans say."

Then with sudden seriousness: "I can think of four good reasons why Christian schools are indispensable to India's welfare just now and why you would lessen or withdraw them at our great peril. In the first place, you missionaries are more free to experiment. The government schools are tied to the official system, with all its red tape, and it is only very slowly that changes come. The Hindus and Moslems know little of modern educational theory, and their background is almost totally Indian, while you missionaries, especially you Americans, have a different background, are, in the case of your younger men and women, more technically trained, and have the will to change. You can be pioneers leading the way to better things. Where you are successful, government and non-Christian schools are likely to follow.

---

[1] The following figures are from the World Missionary Atlas (1925) and the Vatican Mission Exposition (1925):

Protestant schools: 15,007 elementary schools with 537,239 pupils; 588 middle and high schools with 89,442 pupils; 37 colleges with 11,605 pupils.

Roman Catholic schools: 4,379 elementary schools with 273,526 pupils; 330 middle and high schools and 6 colleges with 75,294 pupils.

"Again, in the education of our girls the Christian schools cannot be matched. You provide the atmosphere in which these girls can be safely educated, in which their new learning will not run away with them, but rather fit them to go back into the home with high ideals of service. You have a sufficient number of women teachers while the rest of us have not. We do not give our girls enough time to become teachers. We are in too big a hurry to marry them off. Furthermore, you Christians make better provision for safeguarding your women teachers. Ours are more exposed to temptations from evil-minded men. There is considerable risk in being an unmarried Indian woman, for our social groups have not become accustomed to such an innovation.

"Your third service is to the outcaste community. We have despised them. Why should we teach those whom we cannot touch? You Christians touch and teach. We cannot. We are just beginning to realize how splendid is this example you have set us, and appreciation is the first step toward following it.

"And as for the fourth service that you do, I should have to talk like a Christian if I were to expound it. And that would give you too much joy." He was laughing at me.

"Go on," I begged.

"I am a Hindu, and you will not misunderstand me when I say that India needs Christ. The government schools do not offer his teachings, nor do our own schools. Your Christian churches with their strange services of worship mean little or nothing to us non-Christians, but your Christian schools—they catch our boys in large numbers and our boys never get away from these early influences. I know, because I was one of them. Where does this new interest in Christ among our intelligentsia come from? It comes right out of your Christian schools. To close them, or to close them to non-Christian boys and girls, is to shut the door in the face of the entering Christ."

"I can think of a very good fifth reason why Christian schools are indispensable," I put in. "They are vital to our own Indian Christian communities."

But he cut me short: "That is your affair. See you to it."

Rural Uplift

I passed from this conversation to another of great interest. It had to do with the second great realization of the Indian nationalist, namely, that India is predominantly rural and all programs for the motherland must take that into account. We were camped in a mango grove beside one of India's more than seven hundred thousand villages. In spite of its crudeness and signs of desperate poverty, there is a fascination about an Indian village and I was contented. But my companion, a Punjabi Hindu, shook me completely out of my complacence into his own restless discontent.

"Our leaders are all wrong," he said. "They live in the cities and go about the securing of *swaraj* from the wrong approach. They are seeking to build *swaraj* from the cities out. It must be built from the village up. The cities cannot carry the villages. The villages must carry the cities. One man cannot carry nine men; the nine must carry the one."

I remembered then that out of the two hundred and forty-four millions in British India, two hundred and twenty-six millions were rural; that out of India's total three hundred and twenty millions, two hundred and sixty-two millions live in villages with less than two thousand inhabitants; that seventy-two per cent of Indians are agriculturists working the ancient farm-holdings.

"I am a landowner," he went on, "with a technical education secured in one of the government agricultural colleges. When my father sent me to learn scientific agriculture to increase his already considerable wealth, boylike I set out with only one idea in my head, that our villages had got along very well in the past and would get along very well in the future. My father was spending money that I might have a good time in the city, and when I came back all would be as before. Alas, an education is a sorry thing! It has ruined my life, for I came back to find everything all wrong. And where to commence to begin to start to take hold!—that is my hopeless problem. That is the chief problem of our Indian nationalism, as I see it."

The evening was pleasant, but my friend was making it unpleasant for me.

"I sit down almost every night with pen and ink to draw up schemes of improvement, and then in the morning I go out, paper in hand, and run into the age-old conservatism of the villages. What do they know or what do they care about scientific agriculture? They know and they care only about staggering along as their fathers and grandfathers and forefathers have staggered along. It is fortunate that paper tears easily, for when ancient ways and modern plans collide it is the paper that gives way. Thus we avert any serious catastrophes. In the evenings I write and in the early afternoons I tear up what I have written. But as long as I continue to write I feel all is not hopeless. Some day——"

"What do you write?" I asked.

"Oh, I write about doing away with primitive methods of plowing and seeding and harvesting, about rotation of crops and tested seeds, about silos and control of pests, about blooded poultry and stock, about need to conserve manure instead of burning it all up as fuel or using it to dung-wash walls and floors. I write about lessening expenses of weddings and funerals so as to get the villagers out of their universal and crushing debts; about cooperative banks to provide capital and loosen the strangle-grasp of the money-lender; about getting rid of superfluous cattle that are unproductive, and chloroforming village dogs that seem only to breed and gather sores and fight and go mad. I write about giving larger holdings to my tenants so that a man's fields may lie in one piece and not in tiny portions separated by considerable distances; about the building up of cottage industries—spinning and weaving, for example—so that when the farmer cannot work in the fields he can still be usefully employed and supplement his income; about cooperative buying and selling. I write about lifting the spirit of the hopeless villager, about keeping down the size of the family—birth control, you call it—about village hygiene and sanitation, about the care of babies, about the welfare of the outcaste groups that live on the edges of the village, about village schools, about love of motherland to lift and inspire dull plodding labor—what don't I write about? And the village people stand ox-like and look at me with all respect and patience, promising obedience, but when they get to themselves they talk about the city and the *sahib-log* having made me *pagal,* crazy, and go on doing things as they have always done them. I cannot bring pressure, for beneath their surface of cringing humility lie oceans of stubbornness. A storm of commands and words whips up their humility and makes it foamy, while beneath, more exposed than ever, lie the unchangeable depths. Meanwhile I tear paper."

The situation is perhaps not quite so black as my young *zamindar* friend in a mood of disillusionment was painting it. Youth is quickly discouraged if the world does not move as youth shoves and pulls it along. There is a thin silver edge to the darkness of India's huge rural problem. There are agencies to the rescue. The government of India is taking a fresh interest in the villages and in the improvement of agriculture. A royal commission, the Linlithgow Commission, has recently made an elaborate report with recommendations for coordinating the various activities now carried on by various departments. It recommends an imperial Council of Agricultural Research which will take over experiment stations, the training of workers, agricultural publications, meetings of experts, educational reform to fit children for village life and teach adults by eye and ear to know those things which are of value to the peasant; relief from population pressure by migration to districts that are underpopulated; better methods of marketing which will secure both adequate remuneration for the farmer's labor and release from the money-lender and the middleman. The government is already committed to large programs of irrigation and cooperative banking. By the former some twenty-eight million acres have been reclaimed and settled. By the latter, from small beginnings in 1906, in twenty years over two and a half million peasants were organized into more than seventy thousand cooperative associations with some fifty million rupees of capital, to assist one another in borrowing money at reasonable rates of interest, in procuring better seed, and in processes of marketing. In many places the cooperative movement goes further: it works to get rid of debt, to encourage thrift, to improve business, to promote education, to discourage litigation, to seek in every way to promote the wellbeing of its members and of the village as a whole.

"Here," says J. Z. Hodge in the *International Review of Missions* for October, 1929, "is an organization with a program that goes to the heart of rural problems and throws doors wide open to all who love their country and have the will to serve her. It has behind it the prestige of government and the good-will of popular leaders, and it provides the necessary machinery for linking schemes of village uplift to their desired objective."

This splendid movement contends with many weaknesses due to mutual lack of trust among villagers, unwillingness or inability to pay back amounts borrowed, and general inexperience, inefficiency and inertia in managing such cooperative associations. Where it does succeed it proceeds to transform the village. "If cooperation fails, there will fail the best hope of rural India"; so runs the dictum of the Linlithgow Commission.

At this point Mr. Gandhi has rendered great service to his country. He has focused all his amazing energies on one particular phase of rural uplift, the revival of almost extinct cottage industries, especially the spinning of cotton into thread and the weaving of coarse *khaddar*. By this discipline the villager provides for his periods of enforced idleness and thereby increases his income, and at the same time cuts down the profits of "Lancashire" in clothing the peoples of India, which huge sum it is hoped will now remain in India to increase the national wealth. To Mr. Gandhi this procedure is not only the preliminary panacea for India's economic ills, but a moral and spiritual discipline to give Indians the "soul force" that is necessary for any *swaraj*. Any such over-emphasis on one particular activity no doubt distorts the total requirement for India's economic regeneration, but it has done two things of supreme significance: it has drawn the attention of Indian nationalists to the great rural needs, and it has made the *charkha,* the spinning wheel, a national symbol, thereby making work with the hands an honorable thing in the sight of God and men. India has desperately needed this lesson.

In the matter of rural uplift Christian missions have not only a most honorable record, but also a peculiar chance to set the pace for the whole movement. It was the Christian missionary who first went to the village and began to plan for the uplift of one of its large groups, the despised outcastes who live on the fringes. Many of these missionaries were themselves farmers. Through agricultural colleges like the Allahabad Agricultural Institute, established by Sam Higginbottom, through simple industrial training schools that turn out iron plows adapted to the light-draught oxen and the limited village purses, and through experiments in blooded poultry and other agencies, they have been trying to bring to these rural groups not spiritual release alone, but release from blinding, grinding poverty. The Young Men's Christian Association, among other Christian agencies, has been particularly active and successful with cooperative banks. The Christian churches began to be deeply concerned at the overwhelming illiteracy of the Christian villagers, which was not decreasing as the second generation of Christians came to maturity, and they appointed a commission to study the matter in the light of the best knowledge available. Then came Moga.

Moga is an experiment associated with the names of two American missionaries, Ray Carter and William J. McKee, who applied the newer educational processes to the life of an Indian village and thereby lifted its whole level of living. In the Punjab village which they selected they showed what could be done, not for village boys and girls—that had been already shown time and again—but for the village through its boys and girls. Other model village schools sprang up all over India with modifications of the original Moga scheme.[1] The National Christian Council of India took up the plan and pushed it, thus throwing all the Christian denominations behind the movement. The government became interested. The report of the royal commission on agriculture calls Moga "a movement which offers bright hopes for escape from the difficulties which clog the progress of education," and says again that "this system of training at Moga is but one example of the valuable pioneering and experimental work accomplished by missions, to which education in India owes so great a debt."

The Christian missionaries and Indian Christians are particularly fitted to do this piece of inestimable service for the motherland, for is it not the very genius of the Christian movement that it comes with good tidings to the poor, release to the captives, recovery of sight to the blind, and liberty for them that are bruised? And is it not significant that He who first proclaimed the divine favor—the "acceptable year of the Lord"—did so not in the crowded narrow streets of a great city, but on a mountain side to village folk?

---

[1] See Miss Van Doren's *Fourteen Experiments in Rural Education.*

The Industrial Era

The third great realization of Indian nationalists is that the age of industrial mechanism has come to stay, and that India cannot escape a measure of industrialization. She must move forward into this new development with eyes open and hands and feet free and unshackled. Here, too, immense problems loom up like ranges of mountains before the pilgrim feet of the Indian patriot journeying toward his holy city of self-determination. The point is not that India is beginning to be a great manufacturing nation, and therefore if proper measures of control are applied all will be safe. India is now one of the "Big Eight" in manufacturing, with a seat on the governing board of the International Labor Bureau at Geneva, and within her borders unsound industrial methods are already being practised. She has dropped her stitches and must go a considerable way back to pick them up. Ten years ago about twelve per cent of her population was reported in industry, and five per cent in trade, which goes as handmaid to industry. Her Pittsburghs and

Birminghams and Lilles and Essens and Milans are already well under way. Bombay, with hydroelectric power for her great mills, is the greatest center of cotton spinning and weaving in Asia, and is just now fighting desperately for its life against youthful rivals such as Nagpur, Ahmedabad, Cawnpore and Sholapur, which have the advantage of closer access to raw material and to Indian markets, and of having been organized from the beginning on the basis of cloth, not yarn.

Bombay has an industrial population of a quarter of a million, and its seven little islands joined together are already dangerously overcrowded with a consequent high death rate per thousand of population. The infant death rate for the city of Bombay is sixty-six per cent, whereas for the Bombay Presidency it is only fifteen per cent. Calcutta owns a rich monopoly of the trade in jute, tea, coal, iron and steel. No other great seaport is so near and so handy to the sources of industrial wealth. Her mills stretch for miles along the Hooghly River. The one disadvantage is that the labor market is distant—far up the Ganges; for although living in the heart of the teeming millions of steamy, fertile Bengal, the Bengali does not take to industry. He remains agriculturist and clerk. He is even willing to surrender the rich retail trade of his own city to enterprising colonists from the desert states of Bikaner and Jodhpur in the far-off northwest.

The story of the establishment of India's great iron and steel center at Jamshedpur reads like a romance of fiction. In the midst of the jungle and wilderness the surveying engineers of a great Indian concern—the Tata family, Parsees of Bombay—discovered a mountain of iron and then rich iron deposits, all in the same corner of India where coal is found and mined, and near enough to Calcutta to ensure harbor facilities for export. There they built a city from blue prints, connected it with other sections by railroads, and gave India what she never expected to see or possess—a city of steel. How this city supplied the Mesopotamian campaign and India itself with steel rails and other products of iron during the years of the World War; how it withstood the shock of the financial depression following the war, when the rupee depreciated in value, and with the reentry of European steel lost its markets, and how it continues its activities today, is a tale out of the modern Arabian Nights of big industry.

The increase in the industrial population has been rapid. In the ten years between 1914 and 1924 the number of persons employed in textile industries increased from a million to a million and a half. The number of factories subject to the Factories Act more than doubled[1] during the same period.

In facing this industrial development Indians divide into two groups: those who are openly suspicious and hostile and would throw out this strange egg laid by the European cuckoo in India's old nest; and those who welcome an industrial civilization because it adds to

---

[1] From 2,922 to 6,406, though a part of this increase is accounted for by extension of the act to smaller factories. There are now some 7,250 factories under the act. About 250,000 women and 60,000 children work in factories.

India's material resources and thus makes for economic uplift. These latter accept the factory whistle and give it its place, along with the Hindu temple bells and the Moslem call to prayer and the market cries and chatter, in the variegated noises of an Indian city. What it will do to the temple bells and conch shells, to the muezzin's call to prayer and the market babble, they have not as yet figured out. Already there are the evils of long hours and bad housing, resulting in physical debility and an increase in tuberculosis and other diseases; the evils of deferred pay and imposition of fines, of child labor, of dangerous and unwholesome occupations, especially injurious in the case of women, and the evil of debt. Modern industry has shown itself heartless everywhere unless checked by legislation, prompted and enforced by public opinion, to safeguard the welfare of the workers.

The government has sought to provide some measure of check by legislation, but it has not gone far enough. And as for public opinion, it is practically non-existent in a land like India. The Factories Act of 1922 limits all adult labor to eleven hours, prescribes a sixty-hour week, prohibits children under twelve from being employed, prohibits night work for women, and permits children between twelve and fifteen to work half time. All factories employing twenty employees come under the act. The smaller workshops employing less than twenty may be guilty of grave abuses and still escape the net of the law, although the provincial governments are permitted to lower the figure to ten to bring them within control of the act. In the mines children under thirteen may not be employed, but it should be noted that children above the age of thirteen are counted as adults. For underground labor the week is fifty-four hours. By 1939 the thirty-five thousand women now working in mines are to be withdrawn.

The workers themselves are only beginning to feel the necessity of organizing into trade unions. An illiterate group they have been, and too easily exploited for the profit of others. Maternity benefits, maintenance of welfare work, further shortening of hours, more stringent inspection, higher wages, adequate housing, improved sanitation, reasonable tariffs for protection of Indian industry—all these factors in improvement await the action of the legislatures and of organized labor itself.

Many of the factories maintain of their own accord welfare work among their employees. Many also provide houses which are a considerable improvement upon those maintained by private individuals who seek to get rich from their rentals at the expense of the flesh and blood and nerves of the working class. In regard to this care for workers India is much better off than China, and there is reason to think that she is more considerate of her industrial population than is Japan.

In one respect the industrial situation in India is unique. There is really no industrial class. The factory workers are country people who because of the pressure of poverty in the villages go into the big cities for a season to earn from whirring machinery what they cannot extract in sufficient quantity from the soil. The factories pay higher wages than do the tiny farms. But these farmers never really get away from the farms; all their life is rooted in the village and its ways. In the factories they are away on a journey, and the end of the road is the village hut again. So back they go for the reaping of the harvest or for a wedding, or when homesickness is at fever heat within them. They drop the modern machine and attempt to fall back into the ancient simplicities and crudities, yet they never do, for the great cities have left their mark upon them—the edges of their lives are chipped and broken and the join can never be made again. Thus two things are happening. First, the factories of India undergo such frequent turnover of labor—it is reputed that in general the whole labor force in India turns over once a year—that they suffer from lack of steady and skilled workmen. The laborer turned villager again has lost his sense of touch and his dexterity, and when he returns to the city he must be apprentice to his machine, not craftsman and master. Second, and even more full of meaning for the motherland, the villages of India are being infected with city ways and city thoughts and city vices. The West breaks in at every pore. The unchangeable changes, the ghosts of the ancestors shudder, the peasant following his oxen remembers the far different sound and speed of machinery, the village becomes cramped, the city lures, the young men carry themselves haughtily and are off at the slightest reproof, women gather their children and follow their husbands to they know not what, village shells and copper coins look worthless, the ancient poverty of the land lays its aged hand upon empty stomachs, wedding festivities give way to farewells. Where in the village alleys are the big bazaars and the tram cars and the honking motors and the thousands that come and go? So back to the city to be reinfected, to the city that refuses none.

What an opportunity for service both to the city and to the village lies in the people who shuttle back and forth from one to the other! Indian nationalists have done little for them. The Christian churches have not been awake to the rising tide of industrialism, but they are awakening. Here and there is a ministry. The National Christian Council is making an elaborate survey for future shifts in Christian strategy. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are on the move. Other organizations slowly enter the field. It may be that the Christ will yet stand forth in India as the friend of all those who labor and are heavy-laden.

III

DIVISION

O*MNIS India est divisa*—one might almost add, *in partes tres.* There are the Hindus, the Moslems, and the animists, the last-named more or less loosely connected with Hinduism. There are other communities—Jains, Sikhs, Parsees, Christians, Buddhists—but their numbers are small[1] and their differences and divisions are of minor importance in this matter of making an Indian nation out of the Indian peoples. The big three remain, and the chasms that separate them constitute India's most serious problem. They are worrying every Indian patriot.

MOSLEM AGAINST HINDU

In the first place there is the conflict between Hindu and Moslem. Hostility between these two has become a settled disease, a chronic rheumatism in the joints of Mother India.

My nationalist friends are deeply concerned about this conflict. Says one of them, "The interests of each community and the true progress of the whole country is now largely at the mercy of this one problem of Hindu-Moslem relations." It is clear that neither Hindu nor Moslem can be assimilated to the culture of the other, "therefore both must be nationalized." In other words, India the nation must find ample space for both, so that they may dwell together in unity with elbow-room all round.

---

[1] According to the census of 1921, in round numbers the Buddhists (mostly in Burma and outside our survey) number 11,571,000; Christians, 4,754,000; Sikhs, 3,239,000; Jains, 1,179,000; Parsees, 102,000; Jews, 22,000; miscellaneous, 2,831,000.

How numerous are the Moslems? The census of 1921 puts them at 68,735,233, which means that India houses almost a third of the Moslem population of the world. The province of Bengal alone contains more Moslems than Arabia, Egypt and Persia put together. The Punjab has almost as many as has Egypt.

India, therefore, has an Irish problem—two peoples that will not mix—on a vastly larger scale. But whereas Ireland did find a boundary line that shut off the bulk of the orange to the north and the bulk of the green to the south, there is no such line in India. And whereas the Irish of both parties honor, though with different worships, one common Name that is above every name as Redeemer and Mediator, there is no such name in India. Religious differences in India are more serious, as are social and political, and are complicated by the great weight of centuries-old traditions.

Who are the Moslems? Let history open her pages and run her finger over a few facts. The first Moslem attack came in the year 712, just eighty years after the death of the Prophet. Arabs conquered and held for a brief period the lower valley of the Indus. From India to Spain and up to Khiva in Central Asia the green banner of Islam was flapping in the hands of the victorious Arabs of the desert lands of western Asia, but they had met their match at last in the Christian Franks of the European forests and the Hindu Rajputs of the North Indian plains.

The second Moslem attack opened about the year 1000 and continued for almost five hundred years. They were new converts to Islam, these Turks and Afghans, fierce men of the mountains who raided the plains of Northern India and gleefully smashed idols and sent Hindus to Jehannam while appropriating their treasures and their women. Raiders soon turned into rulers, and Moslem dynasties in seemingly endless succession and confusion fought one another and fought Hindus, all the while carrying their conquests deeper into the south of India. The whole period is a tangled skein of intrigue and cruelty, bloodshed and chaos.

The third Moslem attack came from central Asia through the mountains, this time from the Mongols, called in India Mughals or Moguls. For a hundred and fifty years, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, the Moslem attack was overwhelming, and under a succession of notable rulers—Babar, Humayun, Akbar, Jahangir, Shah Jahan, Aurangzeb—the Moslems achieved not only an almost universal control over India but, what was more remarkable, a unity of government in which Hindus and Moslems shared. It was Akbar—his real name forgotten by common consent in that title, meaning the Great—who first played Hindus off against his rebellious generals and so used the balance of power to keep himself in command. It was Aurangzeb who undid his great-grandfather's wise policy and cracked the Mogul rule so that it soon came crashing. It was these Moguls who built some of the noblest buildings in the world—at Delhi, Agra, Fatehpur Sikri, Lahore—and gave the present Moslems of India their boast in the glories of an indigenous Moslem civilization, to which in fact the Hindus contributed fully as much.

But these attacks and conquests do not account for the presence of seventy million Moslems in India today. The Moslems are only partially the descendants of invaders. By far the bulk of them are the offspring of conquered Hindus, who, under the sword or for social betterment or for honors or for remittance of taxes, sold their Hindu birthright for the pottage of Islam. The result is interesting: multitudes fanatically loyal to Islam but retaining, especially in rural areas, much of Hinduism in their outlook and practices.

It is from Akbar the Great, the Akbar of the latter half of the sixteenth century, contemporary of Queen Elizabeth and of Shakespeare, that the British have learned how to hold and administer India. It was Akbar who fashioned the principle of communal privileges and powers which recognized officially the separate interests of Hindus and Moslems and attempted to balance their respective influence in the affairs of the empire. In this day of responsible constitutional democratic government the same principle obtains, with an even wider application to include not only Hindus and Moslems but also such groups as the non-Brahmans and Anglo-Indians. "Divide and rule" has become the classic tradition of government, from which India will only slowly and at great price get away.

It is not, however, in the power of the British to heal the hurt. Strike out the principle of divide and rule, and the communal principle, and the chasm still yawns between two hundred and sixteen million Hindus and seventy million Moslems. The British have no bridge to throw between. The chasm is not of their making nor of their repairing. It is deeper than politics; it is beyond any agricultural or industrial commission; no public works department nor any department of public instruction can alter it; it is hopeless and helpless as long as Hinduism and Islam are what they are. When religion divides, the division is serious, for religion concerns all the deeper, more fundamental things of life: attitudes, ideals, motives, standards of value and conduct.

The great living religions of the world fall into two main groups, those of Semitic and those of Indian origin, and the two are at opposite poles in regard to the things of which we have been speaking. Of the Semitic religions Islam is the most aggressively Semitic; of the Indian group Hinduism is the most aggressively Indian. The two therefore collide all along the line.

Islam was originally a fierce protest against polytheism, against "adding gods to God." Polytheists were infidels and no quarter was to be offered them. Moslems came swarming out of the desert with divine orders written into their scripture that the adherents of the other Semitic faiths, the Jews and the Christians, were to be spared provided they paid the poll tax for the privilege of remaining Jews and Christians; while idolaters and polytheists and all their ilk were to learn at the edge of the sword that "There is no God but Allah." The unity of God is a passion with the Moslem as well as the first article of his creed. Hinduism in his eyes, whatever may be its inner philosophies, is a gross, offensive polytheism, and he grows rabid at the sight. Hindu idolatry is as a red flag waved in the face of a bull. The Moslem can never quite adjust himself to the polytheist.

Step from a Moslem mosque into a Hindu temple; it is like stepping into another world. In the one all the simplicity of worship: no priest, no altar, no incense, no offering, no singing or chanting, no image, no dark inner shrine, no mystery, no carvings, no bells or conch shells. In the other are all of these. In the one there is prayer and preaching; in the other ritual and offering. The Hindu worship angers and disgusts the Moslem; while to the average Hindu the Moslem ritual of prayer, without visible token of deity in priest or image, remains unattractive and incomprehensible.

Moslems are meat-eaters, and what is particularly offensive to Hindus, beef-eaters. The Hindus retaliate with music played before the mosques. So with beef and music the quarrel goes on between monotheist and polytheist, and the body of India is rent.

Again, the Moslem and the Hindu fall apart at another point where Islam is at white heat, and this particular point is of immense significance for the nationalist cause. From the beginning Islam has stressed the Moslem brotherhood, the fraternity of Islam, which in the early days transcended tribal loyalties and in our day is expected to transcend all national loyalties. It is peculiarly distressing to the Hindu nationalist to find his Moslem compatriot establishing the center of his interest outside of nationalism. The fact is that the Moslem brotherhood is supranational, and it is hard for the Indian Moslem to interest himself in being a nationalist. His primary interest is Islam, not India. When the Moslem does succeed in becoming a nationalist he knows no middle course between making the entire nationalism Moslem in character and throwing Islam overboard. It is one of the most difficult readjustments the Moslem peoples have to make to superimpose the new political theory of separate democracies on the old political theory of universal theocracy; and the Moslems of India, in constant rivalry with the Hindus, are far from having made it. The Jew has the same problem, so also has the Roman Catholic. Only once have the Moslems joined hands with the Hindus, and that was when in the Treaty of Sèvres in 1920 the prestige of the Moslem caliphate was threatened. The decidedly altered Treaty of Lausanne in 1923 removed this threat to Moslem pride, and the Moslems of India flew back like a released rubber band to the traditional opposition which they had deserted temporarily for the sake of Islam.

The Hindu, on the other hand, with his caste brotherhood, finds the center of his interest within India, and finds it an easy matter to expand his interest from that which is subnational to that which is national.

There is one more reason for the chasm that must be mentioned, the Hindu preponderance of numbers. In any system of constitutional democracy based on universal suffrage the Moslems would find themselves in a one to three minority. Conscious of representing a minority, they become suspicious and aggressive in their dealings. They cannot trust their Hindu neighbors, so they are almost universally eager to retain for the present the British *raj;* for the British *raj* guarantees to them, on the communal basis, adequate representation in all the governments of the provinces and of the central administration, and therefore guarantees the welfare of Islam in India. There are exceptions, of course; many Moslems dislike and resent the British overlordship; but in general Moslems will trust the British before they will the Hindu. The preponderant and naturally more gentle Hindu is far more ready to forgive and forget than is the Moslem to forget and trust. Concerning their relations during recent years I asked my Christian friend, a convert from Islam.

"It is all patchwork," he replied. "The two communities are sewed together again and again by earnest and sincere men, but the sewing does not hold, nor will it. The least strain and it rips apart."

Indian Moslems have been backward in accepting the new education and the new ways, and the Hindus have had the start of them. The Moslems feel their handicaps. To overcome these handicaps, Sir Sayyid Ahmad Khan, the greatest Indian Moslem of our times, launched his Anglo-Mohammedan college at Aligarh, which has developed into the great Moslem University that is the pride of Indian Islam today. Islam has at last risen in its might and in face of the common peril closed the ranks of its divided sects and organized for two purposes: first, for the promotion of its own welfare (*tanzim*), and second for the proselytizing (*tabligh*) of Hindus.

Once again Islam is on the offensive with conquering zeal to renew the successes of the early days. Islam in India rejects the status quo; like Christianity, it is out for converts. It has been napping for a century or two, but is now awake. Of course the Hindus become aggressive in their turn. They have replied in kind. "Very well," they say, "let Islam have its *tanzim;* we have our *sangathan,* the holy alliance of all the varieties of Hinduism. And as for *tabligh,* we have *shuddhi*—the device by which, if the Moslem or the Christian snatch away a Hindu, we can bring him back into caste by an easy ceremonial cleansing; or, better still, even if his family has become Moslem in the distant past and he is therefore Moslem-born, he can be reclaimed." *Shuddhi* is more subtle than *tabligh;* it is not an open declaration of war on any and all faiths, but an announcement that Hinduism intends to defend itself even if it has to attack. What will happen to the house of caste with this new door that swings back so easily to let the prodigal return is worth a guess.

So there is bad blood. Not all Hindus and Moslems quarrel, but enough of them quarrel to keep the situation inflammable, to keep Indian nationalists constantly working with smiling faces and foreboding hearts, and to make it appear that the English *raj* is necessary for the peace of India.[1]

"Are there no Moslem nationalists?" I asked my friend.

"Plenty of them, working wholeheartedly for India with their enlightened Hindu fellow-patriots. But in case of storm, where the interests of Islam are threatened, they would not hesitate to take the side of Islam. They are more at home in their own All-India Moslem League than in the Indian National Congress; and in the Indian Legislative Assembly they look well to the interests of their own community. You must remember that they are haunted with the realization that they are still a minority in the day when authority emerges out of the ballot-box."

My Christian friend, as he talked of Hindu and Moslem, spoke with a new enthusiasm.

"I have had a dream," he said. "I am a son of India, and in the night hours I too lie awake to puzzle and to pray over the answers to these problems. One night, like Peter on the roof-top, I had my vision. I was standing looking at a snowy peak of the Himalayas when two pilgrims came along and in my presence began to quarrel. The one was old and clean-shaven, the other was younger but with gray hairs in his long beard. The voice of the older was thin and shrill, the voice of the younger was a deep roar. They were both bound for the white peak at which I had been gazing. The older would go by way of the Ganges, as it cuts its course down the heights, and the younger by way of the valleys of the Jumna. I argued with them as they quarreled, praising in turn the experience of the one and the strength of the other. But my words were to them as if I had not spoken. At length after much bitter speech the older took the younger by the beard and the younger took the older by his shaven throat. Again I spoke and begged them to part, and each go his own way to the snows. It was then I first saw that the two were chained foot to foot by a heavy chain of iron. Overwhelmed with pity I bent low before them, and with sweeping arms held behind me took them both somehow upon my back. 'I will carry you both,' I said, 'and by the shortest path.' And I took the way of the high mountain ridges that lie between the valleys of the Ganges and the Jumna. I stumbled again and again; again and again I would for very pain halt and set them down; but ever I kept to the ridges, and before me higher and higher rose the snowy peak. At last I fell from exhaustion and lay face down, till I became aware that the two that had been upon my back were lifting me. Slowly I rose to take my burden again, when lo, I saw two young men standing there, one clean shaven and the other with a small black beard. They took my hands. 'We shall walk together on the ridge,' they said, and joy was in their tones. Looking down, I saw that when I fell I had shaken off the chain that had bound their feet. So then together on the high ridges we walked, singing, to the snow."

---

[1] Between August, 1923, and July, 1926, there were 74 Hindu-Moslem riots, resulting in the deaths of 258 persons; not so many, says the nationalist, when there are 538,809 villages and towns in British India. True; but the effect of one riot on the whole situation is greater than its proper fraction of 1/538,809 would indicate.

How Hindus Divide Themselves

The second conflict among the population lies between Hindu and Hindu. Let no one imagine that Hinduism represents a united family. Far from it. The census of 1921 recorded some 216,734,000 Hindus in India, and it is very difficult to find any classification that will take in all this multitude. Hinduism is the most difficult religion in the world to define. As has been said of the poet and the heavens, so it can be said of the student and Hinduism: one should never attempt to get Hinduism into his head but rather his head into Hinduism. Professor Radhakrishnan, himself a Hindu, remarks in *The Hindu View of Life:* "Its content, if it has any, has altered from age to age, from community to community. It meant one thing in the Vedic period, another in the Brahmanical, and a third in the Buddhist. It means one thing to the Saivite, another to the Vaisnavite, a third to the Sakta. The ease with which Hinduism has steadily absorbed the customs and ideas of peoples with whom it has come into contact is as great as the difficulty we feel in finding a common feature binding together its different forms. . . . Hinduism is a movement, not a position; a process, not a result; a growing tradition, not a fixed revelation."

The late Professor Govinda Das, Hindu professor in the Central Hindu University at Benares, makes an attempt to define a Hindu. First he clears the path by a succession of negatives. Birth from Hindu parents is not necessary to make a Hindu, birth within the geographical limits of India is not necessary, belief in the Vedas is not necessary, belief in God is not necessary, belief in and practice of the caste system is not necessary, belief in the sanctity of cow and Brahman is not necessary, the topknot of hair is not necessary, the sacred thread is not necessary, belief in *karma,* in the soul, in reincarnation, in *avataras,* is not necessary. Rules as to lawful and forbidden foods and drinks may be widely different; no one rite or sacrament is indispensable; the application of Hindu law and the factors of race and color are no criteria.

Thus having swept the path he advances to his definition: "Any and every one is a Hindu (1) who does not repudiate that designation, or better still, because more positive, who says he is a Hindu, and (2) accepts *any* of the *many* beliefs, and *follows* any of the many practices that are *anywhere* regarded as Hindu. We see that it all ultimately comes to a *name.*" (The italics are Govinda Das's.)

Of course this definition gives Hinduism immense strength, which may, however, in the end prove a weakness and its undoing. Professor Govinda Das is quick to sense this initial strength: "There is no one belief and no single practice which is indispensable, and Hinduism, unlike all other exacting religions, is not cribbed and confused between the narrow walls of creeds and dogmas, but is free and untrammeled, and has within it powers of indefinite expansion. . . . It refuses none but embraces all within its soft, plastic, loving folds. It suits itself to every mood and temperament. It has directions for every stage of human development. There is room in it and guidance available for all, from the merely 'animal' man to the most saintly." In American speech we might give it the simile of a department store where any and all demands are quickly and easily met. Hinduism can produce anything, it can readjust itself to everything. It is an atmosphere rather than a system. It is hard to join issue with such a nebulous affair. Hinduism is a powerful adversary. It is indigenous, of the very soil, while Islam and Christianity are manifestly foreign; it has no founder to which it is tied, which makes for elasticity and adaptability; it is tolerant beyond all belief in matters of belief—it is a weathervane to all the winds that blow.

Yet there is one place where Hinduism does tightly hold, and it is this holding which is causing Hindus trouble in these latter days. Not only is Hinduism itself disturbed but the whole nationalist movement is held up at this point where Hinduism pivots. And the pivot is the caste system, which, in spite of the minor exceptions[1] enumerated by Professor Govinda Das, is the structural framework which justifies the use of a single word, Hinduism, to group two hundred and sixteen millions. It is caste that holds Hinduism together. Hinduism has been well called "a social institution in a religious atmosphere." Caste is central and all-determining in Hindu life; as a Hindu put it to me, "My caste is my God."

Much has been written about the caste system, and its general features are well known even to the average American. We know that there are some twenty-five hundred watertight, hitherto almost airtight, compartments within Hinduism, and a man's horizons are the walls of the particular compartment in which he has been deposited at birth. In Govinda Das's *Hinduism* we read: "In the matter of caste we touch the very heart of Hinduism as it is today, and as it has been for very many centuries past. The Hindu is born in its lap. Its all-pervasive pressure is everywhere present with him from birth to death. . . . There are thousands of clashing units, each enclosed in its own carapace, each serenely unmindful of the others and of the whole, each intent on its own narrow life and interest." We know also that caste to the Hindu has the combined strength of race prejudice, loyalty to labor union or fraternal lodge, conformity to the society within which one moves, attachment to church denomination. Caste is to the Hindu the natural order of the universe, and provides a satisfying explanation and workable way of life. It has all the strength of tradition in the land of traditions, of social cohesiveness in the land where the worth and rights of the individual have never been proclaimed, of economic utility in the land where the life struggle is hard. It is the very citadel of Hinduism. If it should ever fall, there might remain those who would call themselves Hindus, but they would be disunited groups in a world largely unfriendly to their beliefs and practices.

---

[1] These exceptions he names as follows: Sadhus, Sannyasis, Bairagis, Udasis, etc., which are the various ascetic orders, and the Lingayats, Sikhs, Brahmos, etc. The latter two are in the census reckoned outside of Hinduism, and the Lingayat revolt against caste (twelfth century) was long ago spent, the revolters becoming a new caste within the all-sheltering whole.

We know that there are four great caste groupings: Brahman priest, Kshatriya noble and warrior, Vaisya merchant and artisan, and Sudra peasant. These four are easier to remember than the twenty-five hundred actual groups into which they subdivide. The first three are the so-called twice-born—born first into the world, and born again at the time of initiation into caste, the symbol of which is the sacred thread worn over the shoulder and across the breast. The fourth is once-born, and does not wear the sacred thread. Beneath these four castes are the outcastes who, as far as any privileges go, are not born at all. It is not so generally known that there are various levels in each grouping; for example, high Brahmans, intermediate Brahmans and low Brahmans. So caste is not like a four-layer cake, but like four ranges of mountains with increasing elevation. By dutiful conformity to caste rites the low caste man may climb in successive births to the level of high Brahmanhood. In the same manner the high Brahman may descend clean off the mountains of caste to the lowland which outcastes inhabit. According to the thirteenth book of the Mahabharata, it will take the soul of the outcaste 11,011,000 years at best before it is possible to be born as even a degraded Brahman.

We know too that the caste system has been running itself for all these twenty-five or more centuries. Every man knows his place and keeps it. The system has the order of perfectly regulated traffic, everyone keeping in line and no one trying to pass another on the road, and all without a traffic policeman. There are of course heavy penalties in the hereafter, which begin to register even here, if a man passes a red light or gets out of line. Can Hinduism maintain this self-regulated traffic in this new age when everybody is "stepping on the gas"?

Thus Hinduism divides Hindu from Hindu at the very moment when nationalism would unite Hindu to Hindu. The situation is clearly serious. Constitutional democracy, which, as we have seen, is the only *modus vivendi* for the various groups in India, is of course the very antithesis of caste. It proceeds on the theory that "all men are created equal," and that one man's vote is equivalent to any other man's vote, which theory if accepted undoes the whole rationale of caste.

The Brahman's supremacy in this system of caste has not been gained nor kept without a struggle. He is a splendid and clever fighter, and is in our day fighting true to form. His ancient strategy is to capitalize the inevitable. So in the nineteenth century he was the first to adopt the new education from the West and to make terms with the new administration of the British. His sons went to the new schools and colleges and took possession of the clerkships and the higher posts as these were slowly opened, one by one, to Indians. The Brahman has been sitting strongly in the saddle, but his position is increasingly precarious, especially in South India, where the non-Brahman movement is particularly strong. He is generally in favor of the reforms, for the ministries and the other plums have been falling to him. He perhaps does not realize what an illogical position he has got himself into, or he perhaps does not care. Caste is doomed anyway, and like the clever steward he will make him wealth and friends before the axe falls. Meanwhile under the system of communal voting which protects the Moslem minority he finds his own minority protected, and some provision made for his rights, privileges and dignities against the rising tide of the non-Brahman Hindu opposition. Communal voting is a political measure to stave off the battle-royal between democracy and caste, or rather it is a solemn warning to all Hindus to build their house upon some more secure foundation than an artificial social inequality, before the rain descends and the floods come and the winds blow and smite upon that house.

There is one other respect in which the caste system impedes national progress. Along with caste as its sustaining principle goes the doctrine or theory of *karma.* This has already been partially defined as reward and retribution. It is the Hindu's attempt to explain the problem of evil. His explanation is that any action results in further action, that every act bears fruit in some other act which is the logical consequence of the former act. Thus any state in which one finds one's self is due to some previous act the fruit of which one is now eating. If he cannot remember just what single act or course of action brought about this present state, then it must have happened in some previous birth. At any rate it is useless to kick against the pricks, and the Hindu brand of fatalism is as deadly as the Moslem kismet, which accepts whatever happens as the will of Allah. So when anything goes wrong it is easy for the Hindu to grin and bear it, for is it not his *karma?*

Such pious surrender to the facts of life does not provide a faith such as will remove mountains, and it is only in spite of *karma,* which explains and sustains caste, that nation-building goes forward. Yet even a modern Hindu can write: "This law of *karma,* as a man sows so he reaps, is the keystone of the arch over which has been built up, through the course of ages, the vast edifice of Hinduism. Knock this out and the splendid structure crumbles to the ground. It is no wonder, then, that we so strenuously pin our faith to it and defend this vital position against all attacks. We are prepared under the various modern stresses—

economic, social, etc.—to loosen our hold on many another practice and belief regarded as fundamental in the earlier days, but not on this." Professor Govinda Das goes on to define *karma* as what Western psychologists call determinism. Surely he is not far from correct when he holds the caste system, with determinism hidden in its core, responsible for "preventing the people from remaining one nation and being in the van of civilization, instead of in the rear as they are at present."

Caste has its bitter enemies even among the ranks of Hindus. Many clear-eyed Hindu patriots, lovers of their native land and culture, see that this central citadel of their faith, its organizing principle, is an anachronism and a weakness and a crime. They cry out against it and work for its downfall, through the press and through congresses and in private conversation. Modern education, steeped in the democratic ideals of English literature, eats its way into the sanctities of caste. The reform sects in Hinduism have declared war upon caste. These include the Brahma Samaj, carrying its hostility so far as to land itself outside the pale of Hinduism; the Prarthana Samaj, which organized the social reform movement and wrote into its own official creed, "All men are His children; therefore they should behave toward each other as brethren without distinction"; the Arya Samaj, in its work with the outcastes and with its *shuddhi* movement doing great hurt to caste; and the Ramakrishna Mission, with its splendid social service which is an avowed attempt to duplicate in India the social ministry of Jesus of Nazareth.[1] And last but by no means least is the Christian attack. Since 1800 and the time of William Carey the Protestant missionaries have given no quarter to caste, and the high-caste convert, even though he may remember them afterwards and find some boast in them, as did Paul, must leave behind him at the door of the church the visible tokens of his superior birth and count them as loss.

And what of the effects of the attack upon this ancient system? Does it give? Does it hold? It does both. With the great bulk of the two hundred and sixteen millions it still holds; with their leaders it begins to give. It has begun to loosen its grasp upon the unessentials. A man may freely change his occupation or travel across the "black water." Inter-dining is no longer the unheard-of thing it was a generation ago; men of various castes sit down and eat together on special occasions to show their liberal attitude, and no one presses the case at the bar of orthodoxy. This is not the line on which orthodoxy will join the final issue. That final conflict looms on the question of intermarriage of castes, which would destroy the fundamental social sanctities and open the holy of holies to any chance comer. In this question of intermarriage women are involved, and women are the conservative element in India today. This line of marriage-in-caste will not break as long as Hindu women are what they are. Here the bulk of Indian womanhood—out of touch with education and politics and reform Hinduism and Christianity—backs up traditional orthodoxy to the limit, and reform stands at an impasse. Nevertheless intermarriage is not a forlorn hope. The reformers take courage when here and there they see signs of its coming. As one nationalist leader said to me, "In Bengal anybody marries anybody." I suspect she spoke enthusiastically rather than accurately—sensed the victory from afar, and by faith brought it nigh.

---

[1] See "*Our Asiatic Christ*," by Oscar M. Buck, pp. 38ff.

There is a danger that now threatens reform from a fresh quarter. The Moslems of India, as we have seen, have recently organized themselves in *tanzim* for the welfare of Islam, and the Hindus have replied in kind with *sangathan.* The formal expression of this Hindu movement is the Mahasabha, the Great Association, with its annual meetings and executive officers. The whole movement is an emergency measure which makes religion political, a league of sects and castes united for mutual defence and advantage in face of the common enemy. In its live-and-let-live policy it makes for better feeling among Hindus, but buys this internal peace in the body politic at the cost of sincerity and of zeal for reform.

Caste against Outcaste

Omnis India est divisa in a third respect. The Hindu, we know, is against the animist. There are two kinds of animists in India. There is the pure animist of the jungles, who numbers, according to the census of 1921, some nine and three quarter millions. It is not they of whom we write in this section, for they represent no serious conflict. But there is also that predominantly animist group known as outcastes. Of these there are about sixty millions.[1] The outcastes are far more animist than they are Hindu, though they prefer to live in the dark shadow of Hinduism and be reckoned in the census as part of the Hindu population. There is a very serious quarrel between the animistic outcastes and the hundred and fifty-six millions of caste Hindus. The nature of this quarrel is apparent in the designations applied to them: the outcastes, the untouchables, the depressed classes, the suppressed classes, and one might also add the compressed and oppressed classes. They are the world's greatest single block of unfortunates, and their number exceeds half the population of the United States. It matters little now how they came to be thus unfortunate: descendants of countless generations of dark Dravidian serfs; descendants of pure animists, low in the social scale, who from time to time joined up with Hinduism; or offspring of illegitimate and improper matings of high and low castes. However they came, there they are—sixty million unfortunates eking out their existence on the edges of human living, even as their hovels stand on the edges of Indian villages. Economically they are below the serf, who usually is once-born, while these poor wretches have never been born at all into any human privileges, whether political, social, intellectual, economic, or religious. They are the dogs that feed on the crumbs which fall from the children's tables; they fain would fill their bellies with the husks which the swine do eat.

---

[1] This is the figure given in the official statement of the Government of India to Parliament. (From *India in 1926-27.*)

In their religion, as with all animists, terror rules their lives. They are enslaved by the spirit world about them, and therefore the more willing to accept the added slavery imposed by men. Slaves to the seen and to the unseen, both hostile, they bear a double yoke, and it cuts deep into body and mind and soul, draining the vitality. They do attempt to honor at a distance a few of the greater gods of Hinduism like Mahadeo (Siva), but their principal deities are mother-goddesses who strike in the dark and strike with many a cruel and foul blow.

> Mother, how often will you drive me round and round the Wheel of Being, like a blindfold ox that grinds the oil?
>
> Is motherhood then a mere word of the lips? Bringing forth does not make a mother, unless she can understand the griefs of her child.
>
> Go, Mother, go! I know you. He that praises you gets double punishment. He that follows after you with prayer and worship, crying ever "Mother," you send him with grief and pain and sorrow to the House of Yama (King of the Dead).
>
> No longer shall I call you Mother: countless ills have you sent me, Mother, countless ills are sending. "Mother," I cry, and yet again, "Mother," but you are deaf and blind. While the mother lives, if the child suffers so, what is the use of his mother to him?

> Mother, you brought me down into the world, saying, "Let us play." You cheated me, and in the game that you have played my hope has not found fulfilment.[1]

Along with the "mothers" and the gods, these animistic outcastes worship demons and spirits of the dead. The shrines of the gods and the spirits are crudely painted, filled with sticks and stones and hung with rags and streamers, and the deities are placated with offerings of food and animal blood to the accompaniment of the beating of drums. At first as we observe these ceremonies we are inclined to look upon the worshipers as grown-up children playing at religion, until it suddenly strikes home that they are in deadly earnest.

In their forms of worship and in their social life the outcastes give Hinduism the compliment of imitation; they have castes of outcastes, high, intermediate, and low. A low-caste outcaste is to the high-caste outcaste even as the outcaste of any caste is to the twice-born Hindu with his sacred thread. Thus they have introduced another slavery—of themselves by themselves.

Hinduism has borne hard on these suppressed classes. It has shut up its fountains of pity. They are the victims of their own previous *karma,* jail-birds in the penitentiary of their own misconduct whom it is folly to commiserate or help. The outcaste believes what the Hindu declares as to his evil *karma* in this life, and does not try to escape from his jail with its powerful though unseen gates and locks. An inferiority complex gives him the proper cringing posture. It makes an abortion of every quickening ambition within him. The temples are closed to him; the scriptures are not for his eyes or ears, with heavy penalties attached if he should chance to overhear them; education is impossible because no one will teach him, and his brain is thought to be such as can never learn. The nasty work is his: sweeping, scavenging, tanning, removing carcasses and hides. He is unclean both physically and ceremonially. His very shadow defiles—let him keep his distance. He is untouchable, and untouchability is carried to great extremes, especially in South India where the Moslem has not laid his restraining hand. The wonder is that the whole depressed class has not gone bodily over to Islam. Yet how could they, chained as they are by fear and *karma* and their own caste rules?

---

[1] From the songs of Ramprasad Sen in *Bengali Religious Lyrics: Sakta,* selected and translated by E. J. Thompson.

It is strange and yet it is proof of the splendor of our common human nature that even amid such surroundings and with such treatment, the outcaste is frequently a man of lovable character and of real ability, who keeps his dwelling quarters if not his person more cleanly and attractive than do many of those above him who fear his shadow as they fear the plague.

As India seeks to work out her own national salvation, she of course runs into these unfortunates. Is Mother India mother to these or not? Are they to have the vote or not? To become intelligent citizens, are they to have some measure of education or not?

To be useful and contented citizens, are they to know what it is to have a full meal in their stomachs and clothes on their backs or not? Are they to live on the edges forever or may they move a bit nearer to the center of things? Must they continue to drink out of ponds and river bottoms while their neighbors drink out of wells? Are their ears to be sealed so that the proletariat gospel coming out of communist Russia may not set them to tingling? Can one-fifth of the total population of India be kept untouchable when the railroads and the highways and the postoffices and the newspapers are driving men together?

The first to go to the rescue of these depressed, suppressed, oppressed classes was the Moslem, with the idea of glorifying Islam. Islam is always an open door. Millions of outcastes took advantage of the opportunity to enter, but after Islam's conquering career came to its dark close the movement practically ceased.

The second who heard the silent cry of the outcaste was the Christian. It is just such folk that the Son of Man comes to seek and to save. Here are the multitudes for his compassion; here are the sheep without a shepherd; here are the publicans and sinners; here are the poor in spirit, the meek, the mourners, those that literally hunger and thirst, and the persecuted; here are the little ones; here are those sick and in prison, naked and strangers to their own fellow-villagers. If in Galilee one sparrow had the God of infinite pity as mourner; if one sheep in need was of more value than the ninety and nine others, one coin worth tearing up the house to find; if one sinner redeemed brought more joy in heaven than all the congregation of the righteous—then in India one *bhangi,* one *madiga,* one *chamar* was worth all the effort of the Christian church. So naturally the Christian missionaries, Roman Catholic and Protestant alike, walked into the villages and then out to the edges, and sitting down, opened their mouths and taught them saying "Blessed . . . blessed . . . blessed."

Of course the untouchable did not at first understand. He appeared spiritually dead. The message must come to him again and again before he can appreciate even its simplest aspects.

. . . . God suffers for
You, Heathen; yet still more He loves you; more—
Is Love for you. . . . In rapture leaped
The chords across the harp's vibrating strings;
In glorious majesty of strength there swept
The diapasons, mounting with the chords.
The wide still sky grew to its full
With rapture; sweeping back and forth it ran
Outpouring the whole theme of love.
And then,
With life full beating in the throat and voice
Out-throbbing 'gainst the blue, I turned and bent to look
More closely on the man.

Was it? It could not be.
And yet he sat so still, too still . . . .
O God, a man cold and dead . . . .
He's dead, all dead, O God! The heathen man!
Because he did not live today

When first I gave my life and bowed my head
And cried aloud unto the Lord for him,
I fear not for the issue; for I know
Some day when I have breathed my nostrils' breath
And prayed seven perfect times or more, he'll grow
At length warm-fleshed, will waken, raise his eyes—
Will see thee, God, at last will see, O Christ![1]

About 1880 on the east coast of the Madras Presidency, following a great famine, the outcastes began to move in masses toward the Christian church. Since then mass movements have set in all over India, and the Christian churches have been almost swamped. Out of pity they have let more persons through the doors than they have been able to shepherd. The literacy of the Christian community has been dangerously lowered, and sharp division, similar to that between Jews and Gentiles in the apostolic church, has been created between high-caste and outcaste converts. It is hard to refuse these pressing multitudes, vanguard of the great migration that is inevitable. The Book of Exodus is about to be written in India as these bond slaves become conscious of their unnecessary wretchedness, and begin to gird their loins, eat their passovers, and await the marching orders of their Moseses and Aarons.

Out from among these mass movement converts have already come notable Christians who do honor to the faith that gave them their chance. As a boy I was brought up in a mass movement area and saw much of outcaste Christians. Their sons were my playmates.

---

[1] From *A Heathen,* by Lois M. Buck.

Of only one I can tell. He was baptized with his *bhangi,* which is to say scavenger, parents, under the sheesham tree in our back yard. Naked, he squatted on his haunches to receive the baptismal water and the threefold Name: "Punchoo, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Later he was placed in school and there, as the missionary's son, I learned to know him. After many years of absence I returned to India in 1925 and stood up to speak one Sunday morning in one of the large churches. The capable pastor was one John Henry Pearson, erstwhile Punchoo. After the service he took me to his home.

"Pearson," I said, "show me your medals." He looked surprised but pleased, and opening a closet brought out a package. One by one he brought out his treasures: a gold medal from the government of India to the Reverend John Henry Pearson for his services to India during the World War; two *sanads* or diplomas from the government of the United Provinces given to him by the governor in the presence of the Hindu and Moslem gentry of the province; a silver watch given to him by the municipality of the very city in which he was baptized, and testimonials from others.

"Pearson, *shabash,*" I said, for I remembered the sheesham tree and a naked *bhangi* lad that squatted under it. "Now tell me about your family."

"My oldest son is studying in the Lucknow Christian College for the B.A. degree, my oldest daughter is the doctor in the woman's hospital at Gonda, my second daughter is preparing for the Agra medical college, my third daughter is in the Meerut Girls' High School, and three others are at home."

"Pearson, *shabash*"—I said it again. He went on: "I have myself just completed the course for the Licentiate in Medicine degree, so that as I go I can both preach and heal, and save my people from doctor's fees."

"Pearson, *shabash*"—I said it the third time. Then a bit later he went on, "This is my second life. They thought I was dead last year—double pneumonia. How I came through nobody knows. This second life, I feel, is not my own; Christ has some purpose for it, and so I live it for him."

I laid my hand on his and what took place that hour is very sacred to me. In less than six months Pearson was dead—double pneumonia again—his second life passing into some glorious third, where Heaven's *shabash* will thrill his soul.

Where Are the Outcastes Going?

Hindus are increasingly worried and increasingly aroused as to the future status of this enormous outcaste population. India is resounding with strange cries: "Away with untouchability," "Lift the outcaste into caste," "Give him a place in the Hindu brotherhood." In 1917 the Indian National Congress wrote the removal of untouchability into its platform. Every great political party in India today is pledged to the elevation of the depressed classes—nationalists, Swarajists, non-Brahmans, Mahatma Gandhi's non-cooperators.

The motives of this new interest are mixed. Partly it is the ancient spirit of *ahimsa,* active gentleness, that is abroad, and the depressed classes are the gainers. Very largely it is the influence of the Christian ministry to these unfortunates. The non-Christian in the earlier days sneered at the Christian effort and ethic, but in these later times he has ceased to sneer and feels impelled to go and do likewise. The Indian Social Congress, which has met annually since 1888; the *Indian Social Reformer,* very ably edited since 1890; the Servants of India Society, founded in 1905 by G. K. Gokhale, India's foremost statesman; the Depressed Classes Mission, organized in 1906 by the Prarthana Samaj; the notable work carried on by the Arya Samaj in North India for elevation into caste; and last but by no means least the more recent championship of the depressed classes by Mahatma Gandhi—all bear witness that Jesus of Nazareth has been passing by.

Of the work of Mahatma Gandhi for these folk more needs to be said. His has been the name to conjure with, the most beloved individual in all the long history of India. There is no one to compare with him. "Gandhiji"—with what reverence and affection all Indians say the name, no matter whether they accept his political principles or not. Gandhiji, though living, is already a legend. Yet this Gandhiji can speak and act almost fiercely in befriending untouchables. He replied to an address of welcome: "I see that you have committed the error of omitting [from mention in the address] the untouchable. A municipality that ignores the untouchables hardly deserves the name. . . . I am no official, nor a *sirdar,* that you should give me a conventional address. . . . I am a sweeper, a scavenger, a spinner, a weaver and a laborer, and I want, if at all, to be honored as such. . . . You should not therefore have presented to me this address. It will, however, serve as beacon light to me. I hope that no association will trouble to present me with addresses if it cannot endorse my work for and among the untouchables."

Or in more tender tones: "If I have to be reborn, I should wish to be reborn an untouchable, so that I may share their sorrows, sufferings, and the affronts leveled at them, in order that I may endeavor to free myself and them from that miserable condition." Or in solemn tones to his fellow-nationalists: "Slaveholders ourselves, we have no business to quarrel with our own slavery if we are not prepared unconditionally to enfranchise our own slaves. We must first cast out the beam of untouchability from our own eye before we attempt to remove the mote from that of our masters. It is a reform not to follow *swaraj,* but to precede it."

Gandhi has been not only their champion in cheap and easy words—India has many such—but in daring deeds. Arm in arm with outcastes he has walked up streets hitherto closed to them. As guest in his home I have seen outcastes working alongside him, spinning and weaving in the manufacture of cotton cloth and *durries*. He has gone so far as to adopt as his daughter a small untouchable. Thus openly he defies the ancient powers of custom and orthodoxy and all their court with his ringing demand, "Let my people go."

But the principal motive behind these cries today is political. Office and prestige in the present system of government are based on communal strength. It is necessary for Hindus to preserve their numbers in order to preserve their voting strength in the assemblies. They watch the census closely. Where there is danger of Christianity and Islam cutting too deeply into the ranks of the depressed classes, these groups must be retained at any cost, even to the extent of modifying caste. The untouchable must be made touchable—touchable as to his shadow, or with the tip of the finger—and thereby ushered into contentment. The motive is not pity or justice but politics. But does the opportunist politician realize that once you crack an ancient institution, the crack spreads in time to a shattering?

And what does the awakening outcaste think about as he stands thus suddenly in the limelight? Islam, ready to receive him and give him a new name? Christianity, beckoning him with one hand and holding him back with the other? Hinduism, offering him seats in the second balcony for pity's sake or for the census' sake? Tongue-tied for generations by his sense of inferiority, his speech comes slow and stuttering. He is asking for the roads for his feet which others travel.

He is asking that the government and district boards open the public schools to his children. He is asking even as the Moslems that the British remain in India for his protection. He is asking that his recent organizations find political expression. He gets bolder. He suggests intermarriage. As a young scavenger put it to me, "All this friendliness to us means nothing until they are willing to give us their women." He can even become impertinent, as when he sends this pertinent question to a congress of the twice-born: "God made us. Who made you?"

Omnis India est divisa. And yet, as the healing processes slowly bring these divided, hostile, embittered groups together, to some of us who seem to detect the presence of an unseen Form, certain old phrases become strangely new and we whisper to one another, "For He is our peace."

IV

RELIGIOUS ACHIEVEMENT

I SAT one evening in a meeting of nationalists and heard Maulana Mohammed Ali, Moslem leader and colleague of Mr. Gandhi in the days of the Hindu-Moslem alliance, remind his hearers that Indians remained the largest subject group in the world today. His audience was manifestly aware of the fact and sensitive to it.

The sensitive Indian nationalist must find some compensation for his political dependence upon a Western power. It is a psychological necessity. If his proud spirit is not to sink in the bog of an inferiority complex, it must find some footing somewhere in a sense of superiority, in something that he can do better than anyone else; otherwise his defence mechanism will be truculence, harshness of criticism, and bitterness of complaint. Such compensation many Indians are finding in the thought of a superior spirituality which they see revealed in India's cultural past. They long to think themselves the religious experts of the world. They glow with enthusiasm as they picture India as the prophet of spirituality in these days when the peoples of the West have surrendered unconditionally to the forces of materialism. The Christian peoples have more than thrice denied their Lord—"I know not the man"—and handed him over to his enemies, competitive business, soulless machinery, race prejudice, drink and jazz, sex naturalism, religious indifference. Indians see India as the last great citadel of the spirit, still unconquered, able to hold the fort and redeem the human race. The eye of the Indian blazes as, conceding his temporary political dependence, he insists on the permanence of India's religious achievement which fits him above all others to expound "what God and man is." How often we hear it: "We shall interpret Him." It is not only the balm for a wounded spirit, but more positively the sense of having a mission which is necessary to wholesome living.

Yet this idea of religious superiority is seriously complicating the processes of nationalization, for it tends to confirm the Hindu's separateness from fellow-Indians of other faiths, and the Moslem's insistence on his own rights and dignities.

Let us look first at the Moslem because his is the smaller group, not because his religious pride is any less than that of the Hindu. How could it be less? Islam is the last and greatest word of Allah. The revelation to Mohammed rests upon and fulfills the previous revelations given to Jesus and Moses and Abraham and Noah and Adam. The Koran acknowledges the preliminary values of the Gospels (Injil), the Psalms (Zaboor), and the Pentateuch (Tauret). Mohammed is the "Seal of the Prophets" who brings the document of revelation to a close and stamps it as authoritative and final. "Read the Koran," says the Moslem, "read it in Arabic, and be self-convinced that there is nothing comparable to it in all literature in rhythm and majesty. No untutored, illiterate mind like Mohammed's could have produced it; it is the supreme miracle to all who ask for a sign of his mission. It is none other than the Book that rests beneath the throne of Allah, transmitted to Mohammed. 'Recite,' said the Archangel Gabriel, and Mohammed recited, as obedient to his word as was the Virgin Mother of Jesus, who when the same Gabriel bade her conceive, she conceived at his word. The Koran is the 'recital,' as perfect as the Christian scriptures with their variant readings are imperfect." So speaks the Moslem, and points to the victorious onslaughts of Islam when God gave great victories to his people, and thereby proof to all the world that they are his chosen and favored ones into whose hands he has committed Jew, Christian and idolater alike for their governance and their conversion. Moslems glory in the cultures they achieved at Lahore, Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Ahmedabad, Golconda, Bidar, Hyderabad, Seringapatam, and a hundred other cities of India, not to speak of Afghanistan, Persia, Turkestan, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Syria, Turkey, Egypt, North Africa and Spain. As builder, poet, philosopher, physician, administrator, the Moslem has proved his genius a thousand times.

And now that Moslems suffer at the hands of Christians it is no matter, it is the will of Allah, and Allah will restore the rule to his chosen people in his own good time. The Moslem is armor-proof against an inferiority complex, for the will of Allah determines all, the actions of non-Moslems and Moslems alike. Whatever happens, Moslems are still his chosen ones and at the end they alone will survive. Nourished by these underground waters of hope their leaf does not wither. It is even said among them that the fewer the Moslems that remain, the surer the early coming of the Last Day and the Judgment when Islam will appear as the "religion of God." In this day of the resurgence of Moslem peoples, of their recovery of power and prestige in face of the retreating European, the flame of pride that has never died in the inner sanctuary of their soul burns the more fiercely.

The Moslem pride is not indigenous to the soil and soul of India; it came with the invaders from the lands to the northwest and it has never lost its connection with those lands. The Moslem, as we have seen, is a religious internationalist and his pride of achievement is characteristic of him in every country where he is found. On the other hand, the Hindu pride is Indian through and through. The Hindu is not thinking of the glories of cities, the splendor of temples, the religious vision of *munis* and *rishis* in distant lands and among strange peoples. He is thinking of India, and that what was achieved in India once, under Indian culture, can be achieved in India again. The glory of the past repeats itself in the present and can be reproduced in the future.

In this brief survey we shall select four achievements out of the Hindu past in which the modern

Hindu manifests great pride. There are many others, but as I talked recently with intelligent Hindus in many parts of India I was impressed by the fact that these four, perhaps more than any others, are feeding the soul of the Hindu patriot. In various regions the local poets, singing in the vernaculars, have an immense vogue, but for all of India, the larger unit that is evolving, these four have peculiar significance.

Idealization of the Vedic Age

The first India-wide enthusiasm is an idealization of the Vedic period. The Indian is inclined to push the date of those songs of the Rig Veda much farther back than his fellow-scholar of the West. They are the songs of the Indo-European invaders, who came through the northwest passes in the latter half of the second millennium before Christ, and they describe the ancient social life of the "first Hindus." These songs of a simple, vigorous, pastoral people represent to many a modern Hindu life in India as it ought to be. Those were the "good old days," and if only India could get back to them! As it was in the beginning it should be now. Back to the Vedas and to their life, is a cry heard again and again today.

To the Hindu mind, life was at that time free—free from the threefold despotism which now enchains the motherland: the despotism of government, caste and sex. There was then no suzerain power by whose grace and decree men came and went; for the tribal chieftains or kings lived very close to their people and were in large measure subject to their will. Caste lines were still fluid: there was the distinction between the blond invaders and the dark inhabitants of the land, and there were the various occupations, but there was no tyranny of caste from birth. As for the women, they knew not the veil nor the *zenana* (the Moslem gifts to India) nor child marriage; they had freedom of movement, they chose their own husbands and lived on a footing of comradeship. "Let us combine and harmonize together, dear to each other, . . . affectionately disposed, abiding in one place for food and vigor; together have we brought our ordinances and our thoughts"—so runs the ancient marriage ceremony. And those were the days when simplicity of living was the rule, and contentment came to dwell with simplicity. No extravagance, no heartburnings, no envy, no dulling the edge of spiritual appreciations by luxury; no rich, no poor, no crime. The seen and the unseen were in perfect combination. Man knew all he needed to know, and had all he needed to have.

Back to the Vedas! says the powerful Arya Samaj, founded in 1875 as a reform sect in Hinduism. Away with idolatry, image worship, temples, pilgrimages, festivals, caste, superstitions of every sort, and all the underbrush that has grown up in the ancient Hindu garden. It is not necessarily a cry of the reactionary or obscurantist, for the Arya Samajist, by his very exegesis, is able to find in the Vedas much that we consider modern and distinctly Western. The Vedas, literally revealed to the ancient sages, constitute for all time an encyclopedia of religion and ethics, of science and philosophy. The old Arya Samaj leader who sat opposite to us on his cot expounding the similarities and differences between Hinduism and Christianity, declared his faith in the verbal infallibility and in the equal value of the four Vedas. There could be nothing wrong with them, any resemblances to flaws spring from our ignorance and misunderstandings.

"Back to the old civilization," says Mr. Gandhi in another way. He is sickened with the evils of our mechanistic, materialistic civilization with its complexity and superorganization, its overemphasis on the multiplication of things, its heartlessness, its restlessness, and the breakdown of the soul of man in its self-discipline. So he harks back to the Vedic auld lang syne when India was itself and not a cheap imitation of another. He says in his *Indian Home Rule:*

"India has nothing to learn from anybody else and this is as it should be. We notice that mind is a restless bird; the more it gets the more it wants, and still remains unsatisfied. The more we indulge our passions, the more unbridled they become. Our ancestors, therefore, set a limit to our indulgences. They saw that happiness was largely a mental condition. A man is not necessarily happy because he is rich, nor unhappy because he is poor. Millions will always remain poor. Observing all this, our ancestors dissuaded us from luxuries and pleasures. We have managed with the same kind of plow as existed thousands of years ago. We have retained the same kind of cottages that we had in that time and our indigenous education remains the same as before. We have had no system of life-corroding competition. Each followed his own occupation or trade, and charged a regulation wage. It was not that we did not know how to invent machinery, but our forefathers knew that if we set our hearts after such things we would become slaves and lose our moral fiber. They therefore, after due deliberation, decided that we should only do what we could with our hands and feet. They further reasoned that large cities were a snare and a useless encumbrance. . . . They were therefore satisfied with small villages. . . . The tendency of Indian civilization is to elevate the moral being, that of the Western civilization is to propagate immorality. The latter is godless, the former is based on a belief in God. So understanding and so believing, it behooves every lover of India to cling to the old Indian civilization, even as a child clings to its mother's breast."

Believing these things and writing such words, Mr. Gandhi gives up for himself and for his family all the self-indulgences which are connected with a materialistic civilization. He lays off his European clothes and wears a single loincloth of material of his own spinning, he sits on the floor, he eats almost nothing, he gives his goods away. A guest in his *ashram* or hermitage, I had expounded to me the five Vedic *yamas* or cardinal restraints which are the laws of the place: non-violence (*ahimsa*), truth (*satya*), sexual continence (*brahmacharya*), not keeping what you do not need (*asteya*), and not accumulating material possessions (*aparigraha*).

Mr. Gandhi, while sincere in his position, is not altogether consistent in working it out. How can anyone in this day completely renounce the West? He rides on trains and in motors, takes advantage of Western surgery, uses a Western printing-press and even a European lathe, to carry out his Indianization program—little enough, it is true, when one considers how overwhelming is the multiplicity of Western products in India today. As Mr. Gandhi peacefully sits in his own garden or looks out from his place of prayer beside the banks of the Sabarmati, across the little river from his Vedic retreat the West belches its smoke from great cotton-mill chimneys and splits the quiet haze with factory whistles.

But the glorification of India's Vedic age is not a safe City of Refuge for the fleeing Hindu. Modern scholarship will not permit it to give sanctuary. It is all very well when seen from a distance, but as one makes his way closer he finds it far less convincing. The serious-minded Hindu of today cannot tarry long in these ancient ruins. The Vedic age had many flaws; Hindu scholars of the modern school recognize that its temper was not so spiritual as it was materialistic. The late Professor Govinda Das speaks of the Rig Veda as "in the main the reflex of the life of a vigorous, active and healthy people, a people that prayed most for length of days, for sturdy sons, abundant cattle, doughty retainers, and victory over their enemies."

Moreover, it was only comparatively small groups that enjoyed the Vedic culture. The fair-skinned Indo-Aryan tribes were working their way slowly into India, and distinguished sharply between themselves and the dark Dravidian *dasas* who formed the bulk of the population. Their low opinion of the aborigines is seen in the fact that the word *dasa* came to mean demon or fiend. The Vedas do not give the picture of a united, contented people.

Again, it was an age of plainly apparent deterioration. Professor Govinda Das says of it: "Even during the Vedic period there comes a profound change. . . . Its optimistic and energetic teachings became pessimistic and invertebrate in the latter days. The causes of this degeneration were chiefly physical. Immigration into a warm, enervating climate produced anemia and nervelessness; then early parenthood, especially motherhood, supervened; and finally came poverty. All three acted and reacted on each other and ultimately compounded themselves into the one cause—lowered vitality. On such a ground arose the teachers of a season, who sang their dirges and laid themselves down to die, leaving behind ferment in the deteriorating mass. . . . We should, then, begin to realize that the modern cry 'Back to the Vedas' is as thoughtless and harmful as it is impossible to carry out in practice. It is like expecting a grown-up man, with all his merits and demerits, to 'grow' back into a babe. The result of such an attempt on our part would only end in imbecility, even lunacy. It is impossible to forswear the experience of the last six thousand years, even if it were expedient, as it is emphatically not. Not 'back' but ahead forward should be the cry. In that only lies life."

The Vedic age to which the troubled patriot looks with such eager eyes was in its religious phase a slipping nature worship. Varuna, the sky god, who almost alone among the other gods calls forth hymns of ethical import and therefore has been named an "Indian Jehovah," gives way to abstract deity uninterested in human prayer. Prayer easily slips into the formula of magic, and *rita,* the profound order of the universe, changes to *dharma,* which is the code of proper practice for the twice-born in the home and in the caste. Professor Govinda Das says, "You must do this and not do that is the essence of *dharma.* Whatever outrages tribal conscience, as fixed in its customs, is an offence, an *adharma,* while all that reveres and acts up to it is praiseworthy, is *dharma.*"

Most serious of all, perhaps, is the great lack in all Indian religion, the fact that morality is not considered essential to the nature of deity nor to the conduct of man. The vast majority of the Vedic hymns have nothing whatever to do with questions of morals. "In the face of the failure of morality to develop itself as an important factor in the nature of the gods lies a deep distinction between Indian and other religions," writes A. B. Keith in *The Religion and Philosophy of the Vedas and Upanishads.* The "Back to the Vedas" movement must, if it is going to gather to itself any profound moral principles, import these from some religion that had its origins outside of India.

Spiritual Victory in the Upanishads

The Hindu sense of superiority is on much safer ground when it stops with the Upanishads and does not go so far back into the past. Here the Indian religious achievement is both noteworthy and unique. These ancient books, the oldest dating from the sixth century B. C. or earlier, record the meditations of the hermits or forest-dwellers who, withdrawing from the busy life of towns and cities, gave themselves without interruption or distraction to the search for the consciousness of God.

Upanishadic literature is India's distinctive contribution to the religious history of mankind. The rest of her achievement can be matched again and again in other lands, but the Upanishads tower in solitary grandeur. It is they, and not the Vedas, that have really determined the nature of India's religious life through the centuries. They discuss and decide what is the unity behind the multiplicity of life, the whence and the whither of human existence, and the nature and method of release from the limited and temporal into the limitless and eternal. The nature of human existence and the escape from human existence are here set forth in splendid form.

It is only within the last hundred years that the Hindu has awakened to the glory of the Upanishads. He had almost forgotten them—some of them are twenty-five centuries old—when Western scholars came on them and with enthusiasm gave them to the world. Then the Hindu naturally went almost delirious with delight, and in his "rediscovery" settled himself in the teacher's chair to teach religion to mankind. It is out of the Upanishads and their elaborations in the systems called Vedanta and Yoga—the two are being often joined together, though properly the Yoga goes with a third elaboration, the Samkhya—that the swamis draw those mystic teachings which cast a hypnotic spell upon parliaments of religions and drawing-room society in many cities of the Western world.

It is not only the West that has felt the fresh impact of Upanishadic Hinduism, but all India as well. The Brahma Samaj, founded in 1828 by that first and greatest of nineteenth-century Indians, Rajah Ram Mohan Roy (1772-1833), turned to the Upanishads for its theology and its worship, and to the New Testament for its ethics and social service—a strange and interesting combination. It is along this combined stream that the great "poet-laureate of India," Rabindranath Tagore, sails his vessels of song. Other movements likewise rock to the inspiration of these ancient scriptures; even to carry a translation of the Upanishads in my baggage I found to be an open gate to many a Hindu soul.

In the first place, the Upanishads constitute a great victory for the human spirit over its physical environment. They are a Magna Charta of the soul. They bring the body to terms and lead it to recognize its spiritual overlord. In India the material crushes with its weight: heat and cold and rain, periodic famine, sudden sweeping pestilence, poverty and the sword. All these are against a wholesome and natural development of religious life. The soul is caught in the web of the physical, and to save itself goes to the extreme of denying the physical altogether; without violent self-assertion it cannot escape. The Upanishads read like a declaration of independence of the soul, to the effect that the soul's business is the main business of life, that the supremacy of the spiritual must be maintained at all costs, even though it involve the surrender of all that is pleasant in human relationships.

Again, the Upanishads have provided India with a God that is great enough to command respect and awe. The Vedas had their departmental gods, each presiding over some function of the sky above or the earth beneath or the space between. The Upanishads declare a God that is not only the one and only God but the one and only existence. God is the only reality there is. The soul of man is real only as it is God—not a phase or partial manifestation of God, but God "whole and undivided." You cannot divide God into fractions; God is everywhere and all. The greatness of God passes the reach of human thought and language. If one must use words, then call God Sat-chit-ananda—reality, intelligence, joy—words that suggest but do not define, words that catch the spirit of the All but not the form. So great is God!

Again, in the Upanishads soul discipline is a very serious matter. Man cannot play at it, as we of the West are accustomed to do. If a man is in earnest, let him be desperately in earnest. If he has ears to hear, let him hear. The soul needs not partial attention but concentrated attention. One must give his whole time to this discipline, or the cry from the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad goes unanswered:

> From the unreal lead me to the real,
> From darkness lead me to light,
> From death lead me to immortality.

This is no matter for ritual or for magic. The soul must take itself in hand, deny itself what other men enjoy, reduce the body to abject slavery, and fit itself by long-continued processes of meditation for the rapturous sense of union with the all.

In the Upanishads—such is their greatness—man is actually made perfect. Other religions invite man to receive or share the good things of God. Upanishadic Hinduism invites a man to become God; or better, to realize that he is God—not a tiny segment of God, a spark of the divine, a speck from the infinite, but the whole circle, the conflagration, infinity itself. Of course mathematics cannot understand such a gospel, but emotion can, and emotion is nearer reality and safer to trust than intellect; as the Hindu puts it, *ananda* (joy) is above *chit* (intelligence). Ours may be the *ananda* of inheriting the all, of discovering we are the universe. Pantheism freely offers what monotheism, based on separateness and individuality and even personality, must refuse: that is to say, everything.

Furthermore, in the Upanishads the weaknesses of later Hinduism are transcended. The West may turn its attack upon such important yet vulnerable institutions as caste and crude polytheism and *samsara,* the belief in the endless processes of rebirth and reincarnation. If it were not for the bulk of the Hindu population and their illiteracy and social cohesiveness, these positions would already have been blown into splinters and dust by the forces of modernism. They are doomed and the educated Hindu knows it, though out of the wreckage he may seek to save *samsara,* for which there is neither proof nor disproof. But, to his joy, the Upanishads, in their fundamental philosophies, rise far above them. If Allness is actually an intuition, and if Allness actually brings its fullness of satisfaction, then, says the Hindu, it will be the task of the modern mind not to destroy these mysteries but to seek to explain their meaning.

There is an important group in India who, setting aside the traditional and orthodox interpretations of the Upanishads, such as are found in the Vedanta, insist that in their original form, as set forth in the Isa Upanishad, these ancient books represent a way of life that affirms and conserves the true values of human living. A man who is pure-hearted and freed from greed comes to realize that the whole world is pervaded by God. In the joy of his discovery he would live and work a hundred years. Then he begins to think out the meanings of his sense of God, and discovers God both as active—poet, creator, pervader—and as at rest, therefore to be known in both these aspects. He who seeks God only in the concrete and the material is in the darkness, while he who thinks to discover God only through the abstract and the immaterial finds himself in greater darkness. Immortal truth is the synthesis of the seen and the unseen. The pure in heart shall see God both when they look without and when they look within. In the joy of that seeing, life's relationships and activities are hallowed, not despised. Such an interpretation, if it can be maintained against the many passages which contradict it and against the ancient philosophies and systems which rest upon the Upanishads as a whole, is a message not only to India but to the entire world in this hour of troubled fortune, and one of which Hindus may well be proud. This is the interpretation of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, for example, and of his circle.

There are, however, certain factors on the other side which demand consideration. The whole temper of Upanishadic discipline, as generally understood, is that of withdrawal from the world. The householder passes into the forest-dweller, and the forest-dweller into the homeless wanderer. Men are to find their life exclusively in God, not at all in the world about them. Life in God is understood as the losing of self-identity, of individual personality; in order to live such a life a man surrenders not the little that he has but also the little that he is. The whole nationalist movement, on the other hand, presupposes the value of the personal, and stresses the importance of the existing world. The nationalist movement will not and cannot look to the Upanishads for its inspirations and enthusiasms; the two views of life are on totally different levels, sustained by breathing totally different air.

Again, the Upanishads, like the Vedas, cannot be a manual of ethics for the new India, for the very simple reason that ethics is not considered important enough to inhere in the very heart of things. Upanishadic Hinduism is not interested in a God of righteousness. The "Brahma-world"—the inner, real world of God—is again and again pictured as free from the ethical distinction of good and evil. The general teaching of the Upanishads, with a few striking exceptions, is that moral distinctions no longer hold for the man who has metaphysical knowledge. Says Robert E. Hume in *The Thirteen Principal Upanishads:* "To the knower good and evil are conceptions of partial knowledge which can no longer hold in the light of full knowledge. They are only verbal distinctions." So the national movement, if it would give large place to those moral standards and disciplines which are necessary when men live together in any society, must supplement their teaching.

Do the Upanishads give any satisfactory picture of God? Has one that has seen them seen Deity so that it sufficeth him? The Hindu says yes, such a man has seen the only possible God great enough to save the spirit of man from its enemies. For unless the whole universe can be declared spirit, it is matter, and of spirit, pure spirit, *atman,* nothing can be affirmed except that it is and that it is all. No scripture affirms God with more insistence and enthusiasm than do the Upanishads; and yet it is a God essentially indescribable:

It is conceived of by him by whom It is not conceived of.
He by whom It is conceived of, knows It not.
It is not understood by those who understand It.
It is understood by those who understand It not.[1]

How can it suffice a man hungering for God to be told:

Not by speech, not by mind,
Not by sight can He be apprehended.
How can He be comprehended
Otherwise than by one's saying "He is"?[2]

At the frontiers of the reality of God the multitude are stopped; only the few who are willing and able to pay the price press on to discover God as joy. India needs an easier and surer way to the heart of God than the steep path described by the Upanishads. "In some future life—not now—we expect to attain"—how often we heard it from the lips of men sincere and kindly, who sought but did not expect to find because they could not give themselves to the search with all their heart, soul, mind, strength, and time!

SPIRITUAL JOY IN THE GITA

There is a third achievement upon which the pride of the modern Hindu rests. In his literature are two great epics, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, comparable to the Iliad and the Odyssey of the Greeks. Hidden away in the Mahabharata is a little scripture, lovingly entitled the Bhagavad Gita, the Lord's Song, or better, the Song of the Blessed One. If you will travel in India today and ask educated Hindus about their reading and their devotional life, you will discover that the Gita is their favorite scripture, and that it has an immense and increasing hold upon their minds. They grow very earnest over the beauties of the Gita and the manner in which it determines their conduct as well as feeds their souls. It provides them with an ethic as well as with devotional rapture, and it is along the line of the Gita that a great multitude of educated Hindus are prepared to dispute the superiority of the Christian New Testament.

---

[1] Kena Upanishad 11. Hume's translation.
[2] Svetasvatara Upanishad 4: 19. Hume's translation.

The Gita has been well called India's favorite Bible. By this is meant that it is the scripture not of all Hindus but rather of the Vaishnavas, the worshipers of Vishnu in his incarnations as Rama and Krishna. There are considerably more Vaishnavas than Saivas, worshipers of Shiva, the second largest group in modern Hinduism, therefore the Gita enjoys a wider reading and use than do any of the Saiva texts. Mrs. Annie Besant writes of it, "Among the priceless teachings that may be found in the great Hindu poem of the Mahabharata, there is none so rare and precious as this—'The Lord's Song.' Since it fell from the divine lips of Shri Krishna on the field of battle, and stilled the surging emotions of his disciple and friend, how many troubled hearts has it quieted and strengthened, how many weary souls has it led to Him!"

According to Swami Swarupananda, the Gita deals with the great Upanishadic dictum, essence of all the teaching of the Upanishads, *Thou art That.* (Thou, human soul, art essentially the oversoul.) The first six chapters of the Gita explain the nature of *Thou,* and how to work with absence of desire and with no concern for results; the second six chapters deal with the nature of *That,* and with devotion to it; and the last six chapters deal with the *art,* the means of reestablishing the identity of the two.

To modern India what the Gita stands for, according to this swami, is "the attainment of freedom by the performance of one's duty in life. 'Do thy duty without an eye to the results thereof.' Thus shouldst thou gain the purification of heart which is essential for *moksha.*"

Or again, as another exponent acceptable to the Hindus, Mrs. Annie Besant, expounds it in her preface to her translation: "It is meant to lift the aspirant from the lower levels of renunciation, where objects are renounced, to the loftier heights where desires are dead, and where the Yogi dwells in calm and ceaseless contemplation while his body and mind are actively employed in discharging the duties that fall to his lot in life. That the spiritual man need not be a recluse, that union with the divine life may be achieved and maintained in the midst of worldly affairs, that the obstacles to that union be not outside, but within us—such is the central lesson of the Bhagavad Gita."

O blessed Mother
Who showerest the nectar of Identity
In the form of eighteen chapters!
Thou Destroyer of rebirth!
Thou loving Mother!
Thou Bhagavad Gita!
    Upon thee I meditate.

So sings the Hindu scholar, carried away on the floods of his devotion to this little book.

The Gita, it is readily seen, is an attempt to popularize the difficult teaching of the Upanishads, to bring them within the understanding of those who must stay in the market and in the home and in the circle of caste. The Gita is a layman's Upanishad. It opens a way of escape from life for those who cannot undertake the ascetic discipline. It does this in two different ways. First, it shows a more comprehensible God than the All of the Upanishads. The Sole, the All, the Ineffable, uses Krishna, an incarnation of one of the two great gods of polytheistic popular Hinduism, as its vehicle, and appears in human form and speaks with human voice. The warrior Arjuna throws himself at the feet of the Supreme:

You are the father of the world
Both still and animate;
Its teacher honored and revered;
Incomparably great.
Dare any in the triple world
Lay claim to rival state?

I therefore cast my body down
(Lord God, be glorified!)
And humbly pray for mercy, pray
You feel forbearance wide,
As sire to son, as friend to friend,
As lover to his bride.[1]

And India has been worshiping with Arjuna in passionate devotion ever since. This God is not "beyond the reach of thought and prayer." He has a "face" if not a personality, and this conception of the face of the personal in the impersonal, has opened in man the fountains of song.

The second process in the Gita's laymanizing of the Upanishads lies in its emphasis upon the work of the world being carried on as a phase of devotion. It is the Indian version of Paul's behest to the Corinthians, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." The Indian layman—that is, a man in caste station—has to "do," or his children starve and his caste duties remain unperformed. So provision is now made for doing, and a strange provision it is. Do, says the Gita, in substance, but remember that this doing is just a concession to the layman, a necessary evil, and really an unreality. Therefore do not put any importance upon your doing, do not think of or plan for results. Otherwise you become entangled and there can be no release. Do, but do all in a spirit of disinterestedness, make your doing not purposeful but devotional. Do all as an offering to God, and, unconcerned, leave the results in his hands. Thus the Gita makes place for caste morality, but at the same time protects the layman from the dangers which lie in action for its own sake. And it is along this line that the Hindu is ready to pitch the battle of Hindu ethics with the ethics of Jesus.

---

[1] The verses quoted here and subsequently are from the translation of A. W. Ryder, by permission of the University of Chicago Press.

But what about the national spirit at this point? It is all very well to talk about work and no-work being the same, about indifference to results, and unconcern for friend or foe. To quote again:

Like one who sits indifferent by,
From matter's impact safe,
He sees the elements at work,
Is calm, and does not chafe.

Then praise and censure, pleasure, pain,
Find him serenely bold;
The glad and sad he rates alike,
A clod, a stone, and gold.

He looks alike on foe and friend,
On honor and offense;
Renounces all ambition; so
Transcends the elements.

And he who worships Me with strict
Fond thoughts that never roam,
Transcends these elements and grows
Fit for his spirit home.

Passionlessness, the calmness of the lake whose waters no breeze from this world can ruffle—that is the ideal of the Gita; but it is very far from being the ideal of the patriot. The ethics of the Gita must be laid aside at least temporarily while India is achieving *swaraj*, for *swaraj* looks to a thousand material things and is far from indifferent to friend or foe. Census, education, communal rights, development of agriculture and industry, elevation of the depressed classes, relations with Moslems and with the British, legislative assemblies, public revenues and expenditures, Indians outside of India—all these and others are matters of deepest concern to the modern Hindu, who is not thinking of "detachment" or of abstract "universal good."

There is another decided handicap for the nationalist in his beloved Gita. The first and second chapters, which give both the setting and the theme of the song and cannot be lopped off, make a wholesale surrender both to the caste system and to the war system. If India is to be a true democracy, then caste must go; if India is to take its place among the nations of the world that are struggling for peace, then she must attempt a stand against war. To the shrinking Arjuna, who holds back not from fear but from the horrors of slaying his own kinsfolk, Krishna speaks:

> Besides, to tremble at the view
> Of duty is not right,
> Since warriors have no duty more
> Ennobling than fair fight,
>
> Which freely offers open gates,
> O prince, to heaven's bliss;
> And happy warriors run with joy
> To meet a fight like this.

Here the militant nationalist comments with Swami Swarupananda in the foreword to his own translation: "And this is the lesson we Indians have forgotten all these years, though we have been reading and discussing the Gita all the time." Yet when the militant nationalist seizes the sword at the reading of this verse, he still needs to read on to what follows: "Having made pain and pleasure, gain and loss, conquest and defeat, the same, engage thou then in battle. So shalt thou incur no sin."[1] If, however, the nationalist fights for a purpose, or if he be not already of the warrior caste, then the Gita is against him. Many think it is a decided handicap to the Gita to have selected Krishna as the incarnate Supreme. In popular Hindu thought he is the hero of every manner of erotic escapade. Historically the same as the popular Krishna, the Krishna of the Gita must be kept within the Gita; whenever he steps out he is disgraced.

In the Gita, then, we have the Upanishadic goal and evaluation. A little more room is made for personality, a little more provision for ethics, but personality and ethics are not of eternal significance. They belong only to life here and now, and when human knowledge is complete they shall be done away.

A Modern Ascetic Saint

In our journeys up and down India among the educated non-Christian groups we found a fourth enthusiasm which serves as basis for religious pride. This enthusiasm does not go back a thousand or more years before Christ to take a fresh look at the Vedas, or six hundred years before Christ to uncover the Upanishads, or to the century of Christ to find the Gita. This enthusiasm is recent, and interestingly enough, is not for a scripture nor for a philosophy but for a personality. Hinduism has surrendered to the fascination of a man, even as India five hundred years before Christ was drawn to the person of the Buddha. This man's picture hangs on many a wall, his words are quoted by old and young, his influence is deep and widespread.

---

[1] Swami Swarupananda's translation, 2, 38.

He is known in India as Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, a Bengali, born in 1834 and dying in 1886, who combined unusual mystical capacity with the gift for epigram and metaphor which keeps the Hindu listener in a constant state of applause. His must have been a personality of tremendous magnetism, for not only did he draw and hold, as many ascetics before him, a worshiping group of disciples, but he could draw men who differed seriously from him out of their orbits when once they came within his range. The typical Indian temperament, if there be such, responded to him with a rush, and even Indian Christians will sometimes speak with praise of this strange personality. He leaves the Westerner, however, cold and unresponsive, suspicious of his type of mysticism. Yet Indians love him. For his sake they tended, almost as a goddess, the widow who shared with him his ascetic self-denials.

In his name they have opened a Ramakrishna Mission[1] of Hindu celibate monks to do social service. His name is a household word.

For the story of Ramakrishna's life I refer you to Romain Rolland's recent biography, and to that picturesque volume, *The Face of Silence,* where a brilliant fellow-Bengali, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, tells the tale for American readers. It is the story of how an uneducated Brahman youth, assistant in the temple of the black and bloody Kali, mother-goddess of Bengal, with an eager yearning to see God which grew into a fierce determination, finally after long struggle won through and came out with a vision that transformed his life and personality. Henceforward he was literally God-intoxicated, and interest in things of earth fell from him as a cape loosened at the throat.

To the Hindu of today Ramakrishna is proof positive that India's spiritual achievements, her realizations of God, are not legends and tradition, but actual. Here is a seer who in our own time saw and felt and knew and found himself one with the divine.

Again, Ramakrishna tells the Hindu of today that Indian spirituality can live in the present, amid all its distractions. In the crash of cultures Hindu spirituality need not be wrecked. And so *The Face of Silence* opens very fitly with these words: "That a holy man, whom many of his followers called an incarnation of

---

[1] Founded by his principal disciple, Vivekananda, of American fame, on Christmas Eve, 1897. See *"Our Asiatic Christ,"* by Oscar M. Buck.

God, lived in recent years near Calcutta is one of the surprises of our time. Not only that, the most surprising thing about the matter is that I should go straight back from America of the twentieth century and find his followers leading their medieval life right in the center of modern progress. These monks and nuns living so close to the city of Calcutta, touching it at every vital point, yet maintained their aloofness from it with perfect ease."

Ramakrishna's greatest word of comfort to the Hindu of our time is this, and one of his own followers calls it his main teaching: "that different paths are suited to different spiritual aspirants—that all paths lead to the same goal of God-realization." That is to say, all religions are true, therefore let every man remain in his own religion. Coming from a spiritual genius who tested for himself the truths of the various sects of Hinduism, of Islam, of Christianity, it is found authoritative and comforting in the day when active Christianity is asking so many questions. Hinduism can be tolerant of all religions. There is no need to think decisively and act accordingly. There is no single way or truth or life by which men come to God. God has opened many roads to himself, and the Hindu may save himself the doubt as to what is true and what is false. He is thus lulled into security and remains just where he is. At one of his weakest points, his lack of decisiveness, the Hindu finds himself confirmed by such teaching.

This tolerance of Ramakrishna has been put into practical effect by his disciples in the widespread Ramakrishna Mission, which does a truly splendid and noble work of ministry. It does not ask a man's caste or economic state but renders service to all alike. It is really the spirit of Jesus supplementing the tolerance of Ramakrishna. These monks and nuns give special recognition to Christmas Eve, for it was on Christmas Eve that Vivekananda, trained early in a Christian mission school, by telling the story of Jesus of Nazareth so stirred the hearts of his fellow-disciples that they determined to establish the mission. Special recognition is given also to passion week, in memory of the sufferings of Jesus. The Vedanta philosophy is only part of the spirit that sustains their mission. It can only assure them that they see God in the wretched, and that through ministering to the wretched they minister to God. God in them serves God in their fellows, but all in a region of essential unreality; in reality, neither they nor their fellows exist. It is more than Ramakrishna, a greater than Ramakrishna, that is at work in them as they bring the new social emphasis and individual service which India must have.

In spite of his enthusiasms and excellences, Ramakrishna has done harm in preserving by his tolerance all the contradictions in Hinduism at the moment when Indian thought needs most of all to reach some consistency. India needs a John the Baptist who will lay a few axes at the roots of the trees and open a clearing. Dayananda of the Arya Samaj did it, but with bitterness in his heart against Moslem and Christian he turned the face of India back to the impossible Vedic past, instead of forward to the coming of some Messiah who would clean his threshing floor of the chaff and gather up what was worth preserving of the harvest.

Ramakrishna has also—another chapter in the story that is repeated age after age—divorced spirituality from personality and ethics. He is strong on the side of mystical intuition and emotion, and weak on the practical side of human living, the side where Indian nationalists are seeking to create a country. An ex-monk of the Ramakrishna Mission, still a Hindu, puts it thus:[1] "In spite of best intentions, the Ramakrishna Mission is doing great harm to the country. Urged by a severe struggle for existence, the Hindu of today almost forgot his mistaken ideal of God-realization and gathered all his strength to live successfully his everyday material life. Through their literature and representatives in different parts of India, the Mission and, I add, the Theosophic Society [also Vedantic in its philosophic attitude] are persistently reminding the nation of that very ideal which has been its ruin, and emphasizing fruitless Yoga practices as means to attain that ideal. A silent clash is going on between the struggling Hindu on one side, who would fain forget his past unrealizable dream of God-realization and put his heart and soul into the realness of sense-life, and, on the other side, the powerful organizations of the Ramakrishna Mission and the Theosophical Society that would keep him dreaming. Will the Hindu come out victorious, freed from his time-old dream, with eyes open to see the beauty and utility of, and with vigor to live happily amidst, the realities of sense-life?"

---

[1] Quoted from the *Bengalee* in *Epiphany,* Sept. 17, 1927.

If to the four great achievements of the past in which the Hindu is taking pride today a fifth were to be added, surely it would be the great epic written by the aged Tulsi Das (1532-1624), which feeds the souls of a hundred million Hindus. Just as John Milton out of the earlier scriptures sang his Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained, so this poet of North India took the older Sanskrit epic of the Ramayana, and in his own beautiful Hindi tongue, so all might understand, sang again the exploits of Rama, the hero god of Ayodhya. Here the Supreme is revealed in human flesh, a God of grace, and the soul of man answers with a shout of devotion. Man's valor and loyalty, woman's tenderness and chastity, the might of the city and the peace of the forest, are all splendidly set forth. But this does not alter the fact that Tulsi Das, in this story of the actions of monkeys and demons, heroes and queens, associates indiscriminately the grotesque with the sublime.

The people of India in their religious thinking and life have strangely emphasized extremes: life is an infinite series of rebirths, God is too great for human thinking, the gods are too many, man is too low, the world of the senses is unreal, personality is of no account, social divisions are too exclusive, devotion is ecstatic, and discipline is complete repression. Professor Govinda Das speaks of "the besetting failing of the Hindu intellect of never knowing when they have had enough." The Hindu mind lacks the moderation of the ancient Greek. Jesus, as he walks into India, is far nearer to the Greek in this respect than to the Hindu.

India's pride in her religious instinct is really hampering her national development. And as the nationalists awake to consciousness of this fact they are providing two solutions, both of them dangerous in the extreme. The one would make religion political and thereby reverse India's whole past. Of this first solution it has been well said by Dr. Nicol Macnicol: "This shifting of the center of interest from religion to politics is the key to our understanding, it seems to me, of the religious situation in India at the present time. Religion has no longer the central place in the life of educated India that it once had. It has been degraded to become a means to a secular end. It has been deliberately so used by political leaders, and is frankly spoken of by some of them as though it were little more."

And as to the other solution—is it not a judgment on the times in which we live that out of India, of all lands, should come the increasingly repeated cry of disillusionment, "Away with religion from the earth"?

V

THE INDIAN HOME

INTO this picture of Indian nationalism must be fitted the Indian home. It is not an easy thing to do, first because there is so much difference in Indian homes, and second because just at present the Indian is exceedingly sensitive to what is being said about his domestic life. There are all kinds of Indian homes; it depends on where you go to set up your easel for your picture. In the north the Moslem has affected the home life very materially; it is conditioned also by caste levels, by its location in the city or in the village, by the factor of human temperament, and a thousand other things. There is no typical Indian home; in a land of such varied traditions, climates, and racial stocks, how could there be?

Again, the Indian has been thrown on the defensive by certain devastating attacks upon himself in his domestic relationships. He is already fighting for his self-respect, as we have seen, in connection with his political dependence upon a European power; and now this onslaught from a fresh quarter, this attack from the rear, has intensified his bitterness and brought about a near crisis in his relations with the West. He retaliates in such books as *Uncle Sham,* looks with hostility on many missionaries who have spoken freely in books and on platforms in Europe and America about the wrongs of Indian womanhood, and refuses to grant that India any more than any other land must stand before the judgment seat of world opinion to be condemned on this count.

What of the home life of India? Can a just and accurate estimate be made of it in this day when the air is thick with the flying, cutting sand of a duststorm? Let us, for answer, go and see an Indian home of the better type, a home which is of the land, not one of those numerous imitations or modifications of the homes of the West such as have been adopted by many educated families.

THE HINDU FAMILY

The traditional Hindu family even in our day is patriarchal. Close relatives all live together under the theoretical authority and control of the oldest male, usually the grandfather. Frequently, however, it is the grandmother who "runs" the home, whose word is law within the inner courtyard and the rooms surrounding it. It has been well said by one who spent a long period of close intimacy with the Indian peoples that what India needs most is a new grandmother. This patriarchal family has two advantages. First, it provides solidity and strength to a man's home ties; he has sure and ample support where he most needs it, and the larger family is a far better conservator of Hindu traditions and culture than the quickly shifting, smaller unit of parents and children to which we of the West are accustomed. And second, the patriarchal family conserves, as ours does not, the experience and dignity of old age. Our aged are supposed to "retire," or, in our business world, to expect to be retired; and we keep shoving this last line down until now society is discussing the economic value of a man over forty. The Indian civilization necessarily changes more slowly than ours, for ours is a young man civilization while theirs, being patriarchal, walks slowly with a staff. The patriarchal family is, however, fighting for its life as India, too, speeds up, and rents in the crowded cities become too high for many relatives to be able to dwell together.

The word of the master of the house, ordinarily the grandfather, is supposed to "go." He carries the responsibility for the welfare of all and plans the work of each. He receives respect and obedience from those about him. In an article entitled "A Hindu Village Home in North India," in the *International Review of Missions* for July, 1929, Charlotte V. Wiser gives an excellent picture of the relations of members of a family. When the master enters the house "his wife rises quickly to do his bidding. If it is food he wants, he sits down in his corner. She washes, and with head bowed and draped so that she can scarcely see, brings the vegetables and pulses and serves a portion of each on his tray, taking care not to touch him as she does so. She brings the unleavened cakes and drops them before him from a safe distance. Then she either stands and waits or goes to other tasks, head still bowed, always on the alert for further orders. The other women stop their chatter and work in silence or speak in whispers." This may not be the custom in every Hindu home, yet it is this that is pictured in Hindu literature and seen in average homes. There is no family table, that central and important institution in our home life of the West. The Hindu home is not a democracy. It has its levels of hierarchy, which are kept distinct and do not merge.

The grandmother is a very important individual. She has climbed a long ladder to her authority and she proposes to keep it. The more sons she has, the better for her authority. By the pains and denials of motherhood she has worked her way up, up, up; her sons marry and bring home their brides and she has a kingdom to rule; then come the grandchildren in rapid succession, and she is on the pinnacle of power, until death or widowhood hurls her from it. Her relations are intimate with all but her husband; she may pour out her tender caresses, if that is her nature, upon her children and grandchildren but not upon her husband. With him she must be always reserved and obedient, never calling him by his name and never hearing him call her in turn by her name. To him she is the mother of Ram Dutt and to her he is the father of Ram Dutt. They are parents together and grandparents, but not lovers, unless in the dark and secret hours they break the Hindu rules.

In the Hindu home domestic worship is all-important. All of life is religious, and every member of the family shares in religious rites from babyhood. There are the ceremonial acts, each with its religious significance: the bathings, the dressings, the housecleanings, the plastering with fresh clay mixed with cowdung, the offerings to the household images on their shelf, the repetition of prayers, the making of the *tika* mark on the forehead, the feeding of Brahman priests, the giving of alms to the poor, the preparation and celebration of festivals, and many others. No child is allowed to forget that this world is surrounded by the world unseen, the powers in which must be propitiated to keep the hostile ones in check and loose the beneficial ones. These families would wonder at our system of training a child: one hour a week in the Sunday school and the rest of the time supreme indifference to the things of God.

There is close association in Indian homes: the children grow up together, brothers and sisters and cousins, scarcely knowing which is which. It is sometimes difficult to find out from a child, or even from an adult, whether another is brother or cousin. There is in fact no word for cousin in the languages of North India; brother does just as well. "They are simply part of the family, being nursed by their own particular mother, but carried about, petted, and dressed by any aunt or cousin who happens to be near," says Mrs. Wiser. "The smaller children are always with the women, but the boys early acquire the consciousness of masculine superiority and join the men." They are early introduced to the toil of the family. "Nothing is concealed from them. They know how babies are born, and the amount of a particular farmer's debt." One of the most characteristic pictures of India is of children at play with the boy baby riding the hips of the little girl, sometimes a sister and sometimes a cousin. How these little tots can manipulate themselves with these hulks weighing them down—for often the boys are big enough to be on their own feet—is one of the seven wonders of India. They have their simple games, which all too soon must give way to the serious business of life. As a boy in India I learned to play many of these games and they were full of fun and laughter.

There are quarrels in Indian homes which are well within the hearing of interested neighbors. (I have heard of such even in our own enlightened America.) The men shout at the women, the women more frequently shout at one another, the old grandmother brings her authority down with a bang upon the quarreling daughters-in-law; the children, as is the way of children, become angry with one another. The language of the quarrel is often coarse and even obscene, for India, like other lands, has a rich vocabulary of *gali* for such occasions, and a child soon picks it up. Occasionally a husband beats his wife when he judges that she has become incorrigible. His right to do so is recognized by custom. In general, however, in spite of quarrels, the *esprit de corps* of the family is maintained, and those who are recognized as superior in authority keep their hold on it.

Weddings are days of mingled joy and sadness. The drums beat continuously, there is feasting, there are the processions to and from the bride's home, there is the feeding of Brahmans, there are the rich garments to be worn, there are dowries and gifts, all of which generally saddles an immense debt upon the father of the bride from which he never recovers as long as he lives. It is financially calamitous to have too many daughters to marry off, and this partially explains why daughters are less welcomed than sons. Walking up one of the mountains in the Himalayas I passed two marriage processions. The one showed a long line with an abundance of noisy music on horns and drums; the groom rode a horse and the little bride rode in a *dandi* on the shoulders of four men. The other procession was short and the music dull; the groom walked, and the bride sat on the shoulders of a man, her little legs dangling over his chest. I fell in with the latter procession and the men were eager to describe it all, exchanging their tale for mine of an American wedding. There is a great variety of wedding customs, not only for different castes but for different regions and different religions. The other procession, they told me, was high caste and theirs was low. "That is a four hundred rupee dowry wedding, and ours is just a sixty rupee one." The little bride, accompanied by one male relative, was on her way after the wedding to her husband's home, where she would remain two days, then return to her parents for two days, and then take the final journey to her husband's home, where she would stay. A small goat's head in a pail went ahead of each procession, the last remains of the wedding feast. Sixty rupees, two feasts, a gorgeous bride's dress of orange and dark green and yellow and white—and some poor low-caste farmer in debt for life.

Sickness and death and funerals—what Indian home has not known these, until the very music of this land has passed into the somber minor keys, and makes an all-too-easy accompaniment to the people's wailing? Who that has lived in close intimacy with these people is not haunted by that wailing—when the women, without hope, beat on their uncovered breasts and tear their flowing hair while they heap dust upon their heads? Their children sit in terror. Their men stifle their sorrows in a heavy countenance, lift on their shoulders the *khattiya* on which the corpse lies under its sheet, and move off to the burning-ghat, singing a lively song or chant which breaks the heart: *Rama, Rama, satya nama* (Rama, Rama, the true name). The wood is carefully laid and the corpse rests upon the wood. Oil and *ghi* are poured upon the wood, that it may mercifully burn the faster. Four times the oldest son, or the husband, walks around the pyre reciting the sacred texts. He puts leaves of the tulsi plant and some sandalwood upon it, then lights the reeds in his hand from a near-by fire and starts the blaze. All those present are men, except the woman who keeps the wood for sale.

What hope in sickness except in tom-toming the evil spirits away?—for few are the Indian homes that have any access to competent physicians. What hope in death?—for the dear one goes to no happy heaven where the partings of earth shall be no more, but to the next and possibly wretched rebirth. It was a chance meeting in this life, and the probabilities are that it can never be again. What hope in funerals, except to increase the amount of the debts already owed?—for funerals require feasts for those that remain, in which the dead are supposed to share. Sickness, death, funerals—so much and so many of these that Indian religions take it for granted that "all the constituents of being are misery."

Of course there are festivals and holy days. Human nature has to frolic or it would go mad. And Indian families know how to get a lot of fun out of the sacred days: out of Diwali, with its lovely illumination of innumerable tiny saucers of mustard oil and cotton wicks, its puffed rice and its candies shaped to resemble elephants and swans and heroes; out of Holi, an Indian Halloween, with its throwing of colored water and other escapades, and its gambling; out of Rakshabandhan, when the recovery of Sita by her husband Rama is celebrated with a huge bonfire and colored lights and loud bangs as the demons are blown up; and out of the bathing-festivals at the sacred rivers when the women put on bright colors, and when bathing and worshiping are supplemented by an Indian county fair where glass bangles, highly colored pictures, earthenware pots, sweets, books, spiced *pan* for chewing, cigarettes, and sugar-cane are all on sale, and there are merry-go-rounds and jugglers and musicians and naked ascetics who grant desires in return for an offering. Then back to the toil of the village or town.

While we are looking at Indian home life, some mention must be made of sanitation and of food and dress. To speak of sanitation to those who know an Indian city or village is to draw a smile. Not that the people are not clean, but they have never comprehended the whys and hows of sanitation. All high-caste Hindus, both men and women, are deeply concerned with personal and ceremonial cleanliness. Their codes are filled with it. They bathe usually daily. They may not always change their clothes, for poverty dictates the number of changes possible. They do know the use of water, as the wells of India will testify. They do sweep their houses frequently and replaster them. But of two failures they may fairly be accused. First, the average Indian is not concerned with the cleanliness of the road or alley in front of his door, and into the road or some equally convenient place he throws the sweepings and garbage, where the dogs and the flies look it over. Second, he has not learned how to apply measures that prevent disease. Infectious and contagious diseases are freely passed about and when acquired are laid to *karma*. There are few medical facilities for the masses. Modern nursing is almost unknown, except in city hospitals. The conditions under which children are ushered into the world are unspeakably filthy and dangerous, and consequent mortality is high. Even educated Hindus and Moslems are inclined to keep to the traditional provisions for childbirth. High-caste homes are no better than low-caste in this respect, for they are served by the same midwives in the same filthy ways.

The Indian has yet to learn the science of ventilation. He sleeps at night not only with windows and doors closed, if it be winter, but with his head covered in his sheet or quilt. When asked why, he replies that it is custom—just as with us a pillow is custom. It keeps him warmer when covers are scarce. It keeps the mosquitoes from troubling him at night. In addition there are the cooking fires with no chimneys to carry off the smoke. Eye-trouble is everywhere, due to smoke, and to blazing sunlight shining on unprotected baby faces, and to flies that swarm, carrying soreness to healthy eyes. Oxen and cows and goats in the house add to the clutter. They stand in the courtyard or have at night, in the better homes, a room of their own. Their dung is carefully gathered for fuel and for plastering. In this same home a bird or two in a cage will add brightness and song.

As to food, it varies not only in the different regions of India but among the different religions and castes. It is a common error to think that all Indians are rice-eating; in the north of India rice is a luxury and meals with rice are joyful occasions. The north eats grain: wheat, barley, millets, which are made up into unleavened cakes to go with vegetables and pulses, all more or less spiced with a variety of spices—turmeric, coriander, peppers black and red, garlic, cocoanut, cardamons, cloves and cinnamon—or greased well with *ghi.* Bengal, Bombay, and the south are rice-eating sections, with plenty of spiced curries and innumerable delicious dishes. Indians are fond of fruits, both temperate zone and tropical, and sweets of their own recipes, principally flour, curds, sugar-cane juice, cocoanuts and *ghi.* Indian cooking is wonderful, and those who live in India for any time "learn to love it," while Indian exiles whose lives must be lived in some other land look back on it as the children of Israel did on the garlic and leeks and fleshpots of Egypt. A large section of India's population is meat-eating, but high-caste Hindus, except in Bengal, pride themselves on their strict vegetarianism. Moslems and Christians alone eat beef, which to the Hindu is a thing of horror almost as cannibalism would be to us. In general the better-off families eat too much, and with insufficient exercise put on unnatural weight. On the other hand the amount of food which is the portion of the poor keeps body and soul together with difficulty.

In traveling you soon discover when you have passed outside a familiar section into another section where you are a stranger. You wonder how there can be so many different and so many suitable ways of dressing: the big mountaineer of the northwest frontier, with his baggy trousers and big turban; the corpulent Bengali, his bare head with hair neatly cut, his loose-flowing four- or five-yard *dhoti* neatly folded about and between his legs so as to both conceal and give them free play; the short Mahratta with narrow trousers and little squat red turban; the Madrasi Tamil with a tight skirt, made of a yard or so of cotton cloth, tucked in at the side, his long back hair—back hair only because the front half of his head is shaven clean—done up in a woman's knot behind his bare head. You would never mistake one for the other, and these are only four of the many varieties. As with the men, so does the women's appearance vary, the Mohammedan women wearing narrow trousers and the Hindu women skirts. The skirts are of different types: in the north yards and yards of a heavy skirting (the *chuddar* veil is separate); in Bengal the beautiful *sari* with skirt and *chuddar* veil all in one piece, a miracle of skill in draping; in the south a modified *sari* that lets the head remain bare. Jewelry is worn, of course: on fingers and toes, arms and wrists and ankles, nose and ears and over the breast—anywhere where it can be hung or held to please and attract; and not only jewelry but red dyes, on soles of the feet, palms of the hands, part in the hair, and dot on the forehead, the dot being the sign of a married woman. Is it not woman's business to be beautiful? Even the poor, according to their measure, love to decorate the woman. In this land where, until recently, banks have been unknown and where a hole in the ground might prove unsafe, the woman carries the family wealth, such as it is. Color and movement and song, the flash of gold and silver and ivory and glass and lacquer—with these you can catch the soul of a woman of India even as of other lands.

Indian home life is better known on our side of the world by its evils than by its blessings. We immediately think of the many addresses we have heard and the books we have read which are filled with the horrors of child marriage and enforced widowhood, of seclusion in *zenanas* and prostitution in the temples. And now to these is added the more recent tale of over-indulgence in the things of sex. We continue also to repeat the stories of Hindu mothers throwing their babies into the sacred rivers and of the burning of widows on their husbands' funeral pyres, forgetful or ignorant of the fact that these two practices were stopped a hundred years ago. I shall venture to assert that there is not a living missionary in India today who ever saw a baby thrown into a river or a widow burned. But what of the rest? Is Hindu India inhuman and indecent in its treatment of its womenfolk? Of course evil practices do exist, but there are homes and homes, and human nature is frequently more kind than a social institution of its own creating. On the other hand, there are undoubtedly many, many homes where the evils we shall name bear their full crop of human tears and pain.

Child Marriage

First there is child marriage. Just what does it mean? Why is it? What is being done about it? The questions come thick and fast. There is no doubt that there is child marriage in India and an abundance of it. Girls are married while still children and generally go to their husbands' homes as soon as puberty makes them capable of motherhood.[1] Whether they mature earlier than the girls of the West is a matter in dispute, but this is true, that Mother India expects her daughters to perform their function of bearing children as soon as it is physically possible for them to do so. Their youth is shortened, for life is too serious for them to play away these valuable years. The woman, as in the case of the man, is harnessed early to the business of life.

It is not inhumanity that prescribes such shortening of the play and formative years, for Hindu parents dearly love their daughters, as anyone will testify who has lived close to them. Why then child marriage? One would think that parent love would brave all and risk all to save these little ones from the premature drain and torture of childbirth. But the average Hindu has never questioned this institution and therefore experiences a jolt when you ask him about it. If he is intelligent, and you give him some minutes to think, he will probably give you four reasons for child marriage. First, of course, it is custom immemorial, the accepted order of things. Why does the sun rise in the east,

---

[1] The report of the Age of Consent Committee issued at the end of August, 1929, gives the following figures for British India:

Ages	*Wives*	*Widows*
Under 5	218,000	15,000
From 5 to 10	2,000,000	102,000
Total under 15	25,000,000	4,000,000

Child marriage was found to exist to some extent among Moslems as well as Hindus.

why do mangoes bear white blossoms, why do you want to marry your own daughters off before they are thirty? It is not cruelty, it is just falling into an age-long practice whose necessity has never been doubted. Second, the Hindu wants sons, as many as he can have and as soon as he can get them, for sons are life insurance for the family and its welfare. It is sons that keep the family going; daughters have to give their strength to other families. It is sons that light the funeral pyre and lay out the rice cakes for the soul of the father in the next world. Life is uncertain in India; death strikes suddenly and makes little distinction between the young man and the old; therefore—sons. It is no time for girls to play and young men to postpone their weddings. The parents see to it that marriages are early and no risks taken.

Third, and perhaps most important, it is very necessary for the welfare of any patriarchal family that its women be utterly devoted and committed to its welfare. With wives and mothers half-hearted in their loyalty, the morale of the family would be wrecked. To provide women thus devoted it is necessary to attach them while they are very young. They must be transplanted while still small or their loyalties will remain behind them in their fathers' homes, and to their fathers' homes they will keep running back and forth. Take these little girls when still children, they are soon weaned from their parents and worked into the new family. A girl is not cut off absolutely from her parents' home—she may make occasional visits, and her relatives may come to her, but not so often as to keep her hankering for her childhood home. The tendrils of the young life cling to the mother-in-law and sisters-in-law, and strong roots are thrust deep into the new soil. In our American life with its later marriage, are not the husband and the children more frequently drawn over to the family of the wife than vice versa? The Hindu would say it proves his point. And fourth—our Hindu friend does not insist upon this as a major reason, but mentions it to fill out his picture—there is the fact that Hindu custom does not permit the widow to remarry but does permit the widower. Therefore when the widower desires his next wife he must seek her, not among the women of his own generation, for they have all been married and cannot be remarried, but among the young girls just blossoming into maturity. He must stand in line at the windows where marriages are being arranged, and these windows pass out only small virgin girls. Hence marriage of children to older men. Of course the cost of such an institution has been terrific.

It was the Christian missionary who first took pity on these little ones and championed their cause, though he was able to do very little, especially as child marriage is written into the sacred law codes of Hinduism. It was hard also to minister within the homes. He kept on talking, however, and finally aroused Hindu champions who took up the case of these child wives, and worked and pleaded with their fellow-Hindus for the amelioration of their lot. The efforts have at last partially succeeded. The age of consent was lifted, after desperate opposition, from ten years to twelve, despite the weight of social tradition and of orthodox religion being thrown against the measure. And now, under the very able leadership of a Hindu, Mr. H. B. Sarda of the Punjab, assisted by progressive and enlightened Hindus and Moslems and by the sympathetic official British bloc in the Assembly, the Child Marriage Restraint Bill has become law. The law is for British India, and makes illegal the marriage of girls under fourteen years and of boys under eighteen, with penalties of imprisonment and fines "for all who contract, perform, conduct or direct any such marriage, as well as for the parent or guardian of any minor who contracts such a marriage, whether he promotes or is merely permissive or negligent in preventing it." Similar laws already exist in Baroda, Kashmir, Mysore, and certain other Indian states. Significant help in passing the bill was received from cultured Indian women, who worked to create public opinion throughout the country while orthodox Hindus and conservative Moslems were fighting hard in the Assembly to accomplish its defeat.

Yet while Indians themselves are working at reform, they resent our Western conceptions—which are wrong—that all Hindus marry off their girls before puberty, that all Hindus are the sons of child mothers, that all Hindu wives are unhappy, and that nothing is being done by Indians themselves to rid the land of the blot upon it caused by unjust treatment of women.

THE HINDU WIDOW

That there are in India huge numbers of young widows who would normally be eligible for remarriage is evident from the census of 1921. Why does Hinduism oppose such remarriage? I catch my intelligent Hindu again and ask him. He looks surprised, for he has never thought of it in the light of a question. "It is custom," he answers, "and religion. It is our *dharma.* The holy law of Manu reads, 'A faithful wife who desires to dwell with her husband must never do anything that might displease him who took her hand, whether he be alive or dead. At her pleasure let her emaciate her body by living on pure flowers, roots, and fruit; but she must never even mention the name of another man after her husband has died.' [Laws of Manu, V, 156-57.]

"Again, marriage to us is not a matter of convenience but something so sacred in its nature that it must persist as long as life itself. It is a sacrament which cannot be destroyed. Hence our holy law condemns adultery and does not recognize divorce.

"For a woman the sacrament holds even after death of the husband, because a woman cannot be allowed too much freedom, otherwise who knows what may happen? She may even hasten her husband's death to be rid of him. She may have ambition to marry into another family. She may consider marriage a light thing and be careless in her relationships. And the third reason against remarriage," says our Hindu, "is that the widow is useful to the family and remarriage would be a loss. She is the recognized property of her husband's family, and they have their vested right to her. She has her place in the duties of the household —often, it is true, that of a drudge; and wearing nothing but the coarsest garments and eating nothing but the poorest food and that in small quantities, she is not a burden on them. She may indeed become the very soul of piety and bless those about her with her resignation and her gentleness."

Almost anything might be written of the condition of widows. There are those elderly widows who by years of self-forgetfulness and service have endeared themselves to their more fortunate relatives. There are those few widows who do not completely observe the restrictions imposed upon them by scriptural law; who do not cut their hair and give up all their ornaments, nor deny themselves the normal comforts of sufficient sleep and food. There are the abused and exploited widows, pitiful creatures whose all too common condition arouses anger and shame. There are the young virgin widows whose husbands died before they could really become wives, yet who must remain unmarried forever, a source of temptation to the men of the household. Orthodox Hinduism has forgotten Manu at this point—"If she be still a virgin . . . she is worthy to again perform with her second husband the nuptial ceremony." (Laws of Manu, IX, 176.)

The treatment accorded to widows varies from home to home, yet if one would see how young widows may be exploited let him visit the sacred cities of Hinduism whither these women flock. They are easy victims for the sensual, grasping priests who look upon them as hawks upon their prey. In one sacred city, Brindaban on the Jumna, birthplace of Krishna and center of Krishna-worship, you may see hundreds of these poor women sitting in a covered shed and on an open platform, repeating and singing for four solid hours, from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty every morning, just these words over and over, *"Hari Ram, Hari Hari, Ram Ram."* To look into their faces is to see the blackness and blankness of popular Hinduism. Cymbals are used in the chanting; the fingers are kept moving with the voice. For this four-hour mechanical praise of God each widow receives a pound of rice a day and two garments a year, a cotton *dhoti* in summer and a thin blanket in winter. Yet among them I saw sitting one whose face impressed me as only one other Indian woman's face had done in ten months of travel up and down India; she was young and she sat upright and silent while those about her muttered their devotions. Her face was that of a Greek priestess in repose. Any artist from her face could have painted a nun of early Buddhism attaining the calm of Nirvana. If given a chance she might become a queen among women.

What are the influences being exercised against the condition of widows? First, agitation; for a hundred years the social conscience has been forming, and thinking men are increasingly convinced of the evils of enforced widowhood. Second, legislation; one of the first fruits of agitation was a Government of India enactment legalizing remarriage (1856). Third, Hindu scholarship; this is seeking to show that older customs recorded in the Vedas and Puranas allowed remarriage, nay, recommended it. Fourth, the example of the low castes and outcastes; these regard marriage as a contract, not a sacrament, and therefore permit both divorce and remarriage—it is really the women of the "twice-born" that suffer from this cause. Fifth, there are the Christian missions. These led in actual relief by establishing homes for widows, where they are cared for, taught to read and write, and given some useful employment. Best known among these is the great Sarada Sadan near Poona, founded in 1889 by Pandita Ramabai, herself a Hindu widow who found in Christ her life quest satisfied. (See her life by Nicol Macnicol.) As a result of her experiment the Hindu Widows Homes Association was organized in 1896, patterned upon the Christian technique. Since then Hindu homes for widows have appeared in various parts of India which seek to minister to this great and needy group. Last of all, actual remarriages are taking place, but in small numbers, for the simple reason that not only are orthodox tradition and practice solidly against it, but also enlightened sentiment, which feels somehow that while remarriage should be permitted, nevertheless it is not the nice thing, and a modest widow who voluntarily chooses to remain in her condition has chosen the better part. India cannot easily get away from her age-long ideal of wifely devotion, which is shared by men and women alike.

Seclusion of Women

And what about seclusion of women? Why are women shut up behind walls and curtains in purdah? Why do Indian homes have *zenanas,* women's quarters into which no strange man may enter and out of which women emerge only when carefully veiled? The seclusion of women opens up an entirely different set of reasons from those connected with child marriage and permanent widowhood. The three practices together seem sufficient to crush the spirit of women, as if India, like a harsh mother-in-law, intended to drive these *bahus* to jump down the wells and end their existence without further ado. Yet the seclusion of women was India's mischance and not her design. The practice is not Indian at all; it is for the most part an imported custom, and the importers who brought it in with them were none other than the Moslems. Seclusion of women is Mohammed's gift to his people, and India, having so many Moslems, has been obliged to accept it from his dead hands. Where Moslem influence, however, is not strong, as in South India, and among the low castes and outcastes of the land, there is no seclusion of women; the women come and go freely, faces uncovered and heads bare. I shall never forget my surprise when in the city of Tinnevelly I was taken to address a large company of high-caste

Hindu women, and found them looking up into my face unabashed and unafraid. Such an experience would be impossible in North India, where the strength of Islam is found.

Why blame Islam for the purdah system that stifles and cramps the mind and lowers the physical vitality? From the Koran comes the decree: "O wives of the Prophet! Ye are not as other women. If ye fear God, be not too complaisant of speech, lest the man of unhealthy heart should lust after you, but speak with discreet speech. And abide still in your houses, and go not in public decked as in the days of your former ignorance, but observe prayer and pay the impost and obey God and the Apostle; for God only desireth to put away filthiness from you as his household, and with cleansing to cleanse you."[1]

Ever since Mohammed's time Moslem women of any rank or quality have been kept secluded from the gaze of strange men, and when the Moslems came to India the Hindus of rank and quality shut their women behind walls and veils not merely to mimic the Moslem custom, but to protect their women from rough hands which were seizing whatever looked good to eager eyes. Thus the women of quality, both Moslem and high-caste Hindu, have been jailed in this land, where their minds have stifled in illiteracy, and their bodies have breathed the heavy air of houses ill-ventilated in cold weather, and filled with the smoke and dust and stifling heat of summer. There can be little exercise, little enjoyment of God's lilies of the field and birds of the air, little knowledge of the wider world where progress pushes forward a notch a day, few interests outside the walls of home, no contribution to the life of the community, and not much chance of escape when fevers and plagues each year fold their batlike wings and settle to gorge themselves upon trembling human flesh. To these *purdahnasins* have gone their Christian sisters to create new interests, to bring new health, and to tell of One who never shut a woman behind a wall and was never so sensitive to human sin and pain and sorrow as when he saw them afflicting a woman.

---

[1] Rodwell's translation, Sura 33, verses 32ff.

But the Moslem culture in its treatment of women cannot escape so easily as this. It has to face more than this one indictment before the grand jury of public opinion of the world. If orthodox Hinduism must stand up and answer as to child marriage and the condition of widows, then Islam, with thirty-five million women in India for whose lot it is responsible, must face charges not only as to seclusion and its effects, but also as to a whole conception of womanhood. Moslems are often better than Islam, but if the women of the world ever rise up in judgment they will deal harshly with this system that has made and kept its women through the centuries since the days of Mohammed's own example, "prisoners of sex." Islam concedes sex desires and makes abundant provision for sex enjoyments both on earth and in Paradise, and Moslem home life, it is said by competent witnesses, does not escape the taint of an over-emphasis on sex.

(Of course both Moslems and Hindus believe that we of the West are the last persons on earth to criticize them in this regard.) Islam, except where Sufism has touched it seriously, is not a religion of asceticism. To the credit, however, of Moslems be it said that while in their home life and in their literature they make much of sex and of woman's place in satisfying man's desire, yet in their public worship they have kept the courts of the mosque clean. Hinduism may have more respect for womanhood as such, yet Hinduism has failed too often where Islam has succeeded; no one looks to Hindu temples in general for those standards of conduct which dignify the relations of men and women.

The New Day for Indian Womanhood

What is the general total influence of home life in India? As in every other land homes vary, and the total must make use of both the debit and credit columns. The typical better Hindu home plants at an early age in its boys and thus in its men the sense of responsibility and loyalty and willingness to share the communal family life. The interests of the family are so all-compelling that no boy may assert his independence and go out to make his fortune, thinking only of himself. If he succeeds, a whole retinue of relatives will be on him for support, and he will generously share with them to the last *paisa*. Indian nationalism has as one of its problems this business of nepotism, where any successful politician or office-holder must clear a path to office for younger brothers and nephews. In times of trouble there is financial support; the family and caste take care of old age and unemployment and sickness. The prosperity of one is the prosperity of all, and the evil fortune of one the liability of all. Indian men, both Hindus and Moslems, are family men; they cling to their families and their families to them. There is also in the Indian home a universal recognition of male supremacy. This is never disputed—in theory, at least—and never doubted. Boys are the one great interest of the home, and the boys in the better-off homes where the life struggle is not too hard for show of affection are pampered and indulged. It is a boys' paradise. They grow up with sisters and girl cousins at their beck and call, fond aunts and proud mothers waiting on their every want. Of their wives they expect the same consideration. Against all this indulgence they must make a stiff struggle to harden their moral fiber for the battle with life.

And as for the women in the home, here too the estimate must fall on both sides of the page. We have already seen the vast illiteracy of the women and girls, which even those of the more prosperous homes are only beginning to escape. Men did not believe in the earlier days that women had the capacity to learn, and the few who did believe it feared to experiment. Ignorance has kept India's womanhood conservative. In our day the women are throwing their weight against the wheels of change. It is the women who hold themselves in the bondage of child marriage, permanent widowhood, seclusion, caste restrictions, and narrowed horizons, which are to them phases of piety as well as custom. They are like canary birds which with the cage door open refuse to fly out. It is only very recently—within the last five years—that the women of India have begun to hold any national conferences to consider questions concerning their own welfare.[1] They have few leaders. How could it be otherwise when the women of rank and quality, the naturally privileged leaders, are the very ones who are kept in *zenanas?* It is hard to develop any concerted movement when those who should lead are pigeonholed and kept apart. All honor then to those educated women, Hindu, Moslem, Christian, Parsee, and Theosophist, not a large company, who, still loyal to their homes, are planning for the great emancipation, when a hundred and fifty million women and girls shall make a better contribution to the motherland than they can make under the present load of disabilities. The new era is already here. As someone has put it: "The movement to improve the condition of women in India is the most important social phenomenon in India at the present time."

---

[1] The first national woman's conference met in 1927 in Poona, preceded by twenty-two conferences on social reform and education attended by five thousand women. The second All-India conference was held in Delhi in 1928. The movement is growing and is showing itself more concerned with the social and educational than with the political. There are seven women's colleges, of which four are Christian. Women are attending certain men's colleges in considerable numbers. In four of the Indian states and in six provinces women have the franchise.

On the other hand, the better Hindu home stresses certain womanly qualities which have their value. The tiny daughter is taught from the beginning that she must be obedient, and learn to efface herself. The young wife is drilled in unselfishness and chastity, two virtues held constantly before her eyes. Hindu mothers at their best carry themselves with dignity, wield their increasing authority with wisdom, and keep their religious duties constantly fulfilled.

To Hindu homes the traditional characters of Sita, wife of great Rama, and of Savitri, have been an untold blessing. Out of the ancient epics, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, these two princesses step into the Indian home, where they are known and loved. Their stories are told over and over to little girls, and furnish the idealism of many a Hindu wife. Any missionary will tell you that the Hindu woman at her best is "not far from the kingdom of God," that Hindu women brought up on Sita and Savitri are hard-grained wood that takes a high Christian polish. Sita was the faithful, loyal, devoted and pure wife of Rama, who, when she was carried off to Ceylon by the king of the demons, kept her loyalty and chastity unstained. Her husband at the end of a great campaign recovered her but refused to be convinced of her chastity. In Griffiths' translation of the Ramayana the story goes:

> Lady, at length my task is done,
> And thou, the prize of war, art won . . .
> If from my home my queen was reft,
> This arm hath well avenged the theft;

And in the field has wiped away
The blot that on my honor lay . . .
But, lady, 'twas not love for thee
That led mine army o'er the sea . . .
I battled to avenge the cause
Of honor and insulted laws.
My life is fled, for on thy fame
Lies the dark blot of sin and shame;
And thou art hateful as the light
That flashes on the injured sight.
The world is all before thee; flee;
Go where thou wilt, but not with me . . .
For Ravan bore thee through the sky,
And fixed on thine his evil eye;
About thy waist his arms he threw,
Close to his breast his captive drew;
And kept thee vassal of his power,
An inmate of his ladies' bower.

Sita, broken-hearted, protesting her innocence, proves it by the fire ordeal:

I will not live to bear this weight
Of shame, forlorn and desolate.
The kindled fire my woes shall end
And be my best and surest friend.

So she walks around the funeral pyre, takes her seat, calls on Fire as the witness:

As this fond heart, by virtue swayed,
From Raghu's son has never strayed,
So, universal witness, Fire,
Protect my body on the pyre.

The fire is lighted, the gods come to her rescue, Rama receives her again with the greatest joy.

And there is the tale of Savitri, as found in the Mahabharata. A young princess named Savitri married Satyavan in spite of the fact that he was a doomed man, his fate allowing him only one more year to live. Monier Williams' *Indian Wisdom* tells it thus:

Whether his years be few or many, be he gifted with all grace;
Or, graceless, him my heart hath chosen and it chooseth not again.

Satyavan's last day comes. Through the year Savitri has exhausted herself in prayers and penances but no respite has been given. Satyavan goes out to the forest to cut down trees. Savitri asks leave to accompany him and walks behind with a heavy heart, yet smiling every time he turns and looks at her. The fatal agony shoots through his temples.

Then she received her fainting husband in her arms, and sat herself
On the cold ground, and gently laid his drooping head upon her lap;
. . . All in an instant she beheld an awful shape
Standing before her, dressed in blood-red garments, with a glittering crown
Upon his head . . . shuddering she started up,
And laid her dying Satyavan upon the ground, and with her hands
Joined reverently, she thus with beating heart addressed the shape:
"Surely thou art a god; such form as thine must more than mortal be!
Tell me, thou godlike being, who thou art and wherefore art thou here."

It was Yama, king of the dead, who had come to extract and bind her husband's spirit, "no larger than a thumb." He proceeds with it, Savitri following closely. He commands her to return home but she refuses, still following. Yama, pleased, offers her any boon she desires except the life of her husband. She chooses one and follows on. Again to get rid of her he offers another boon on the same condition. Again she chooses and follows on. After a third attempt to get rid of her she still follows. Yama, at last overcome by this woman's constancy, grants a boon without exception. Then with a shout:

"Naught, mighty king, this time hast thou excepted; let my husband live;
Without him I desire not happiness nor even heaven itself;
Without him I must die." "So be it, faithful wife," replied the king of death;
"Thus I release him"; and with that he loosed the cord that bound his soul.

These are the two most popular tales in India and have influenced the character of Indian women more than any others.

It can now be seen why it is that Hindus bear such abundant testimony to the piety of their mothers. One comes upon the fact again and again in their contemporary literature. Ignorant, the women have at least impressed upon their sons the marks of religious devotion, and it is these impressions of childhood, so they say, that remain to the end of life. As long as Indian women are what they are, India will not easily be swept into the flood of atheism and irreligion that threatens to engulf the non-Christian world. With bare hands they hold the lines of faith, but they cannot hold them forever. Their crude polytheism will not shelter their educated sons and daughters. They need a faith they can hold when the storms of all that is modern beat upon them. India's womanhood, finer than its manhood because of its age-long self-discipline, its refinement in hotter fires, is abundantly worthy to be provided with any oil you may have in your lamps, so that it too may rise with joy to greet the oncoming Christ and all he brings with him.

What will be the future of the Indian home life? It was a wise man who said that it is never safe to prophesy beforehand. Yet India can never hope to keep her homes as they are. Too many energies are aroused that are insistent upon change.

The patriarchal home is breaking as the new elbows its way into India. Men and women go into the great industrial centers to work in the factories and live under new conditions far different from those to which they have been accustomed. When they return to the village they are never the same again. Youth is getting wind of city life and when the migration comes the patriarchal home will not go along with it. Harsh Western voices will continue to summon Indians to clean their Augean stables that outrage the decencies of the world. Missionaries will continue to speak frankly, in friendly sincerity, of the wrongs of Indian womanhood and of things as they are, and will go on to minister to those that are in trouble within or without the home. Indian reformers will continue to agitate and legislate so as to strengthen the Indian fiber, physically and mentally, give justice to sons and daughters, and bring the motherland to a seat of honor at the councils of the nations. Indian women will increasingly seek to share their more privileged and happy conditions with their less favored sisters. Education, industry, the sources of public opinion such as the press, travel, lectures, moving pictures, and eventually radio, will work their silent, subtle transformations by which new ideas and methods and fashions rush in. The irresistible tides have set in against the world as it used to be.

When I sit in an Indian Christian home I see some things that are not typical of Indian home life as it has been through the centuries. Here is comradeship between father and mother and parents and children. Here, in the midst of simplicity and comparative poverty, are the shining faces of those that gather around the common board to express together their gratitude to God. I have felt that the establishment of one such Christian home in India is worth all the missionary offerings of all the churches for that year. Not all Christian homes in India are such, any more than all Christian homes in America are such; but when Christ has made so many Indian homes happier, it should be our eager task to open other Indian doors to his entering presence.

VI

INDIA AND THE WEST—AND CHRIST

WE have already seen in our first chapter that India's new nationalism is not the natural outcropping of previous and indigenous cultures, but rather the direct result of the impact of a foreign, trans-oceanic, European culture which has shaken her peoples together and brought them to an attempted imitation of the life of the Western world. The modifications may be India's own, but the inspiration, the will to become a nation, is clearly the result of realizing her own dependent condition in the midst of a world of peoples, small and great, that are feverishly working out their national destinies under the modern banners of freedom and self-determination. A study of India's relations with the West, therefore, bears directly on our attempt to interpret what is beating within the Indian breast today.

India's Contacts with the West

The contacts of India with the West divide themselves broadly into four. The first contact was with the Græco-Roman world. This period begins with the campaign of that Macedonian war-god, Alexander the Great, who "compressed into thirteen years the energies of many lifetimes." Alexander was on the river plains of the Punjab in the years 326 and 325 B. C., winning amazing victories over Indian kingdoms and confederations which read today like some strange romance. No Indian had ever seen cavalry used as Alexander used it, in shock formation which tore through the lines of chariots and elephants and hordes of inferior infantry. It was Alexander who opened the roads to India by land and by sea—for he used both—and along those roads came the Greek and Roman influences which, while they did not penetrate deeply into Indian life except possibly as Buddhist sculpture shows the impress of the Greek, nevertheless gave to Europe some knowledge of this great sub-continent and some acquaintance with its products and its thought. Semi-Greek kingdoms flourished and fell in succession on India's northwestern frontier, well into the third century after Christ. The Romans traded over land and over sea, Palmyra in the Syrian desert becoming the great emporium for the former, and Alexandria in the Egyptian delta for the latter. To Alexandria came the pearls and gems and pepper of the south of India, and to both south and north went Roman merchants with their *aurei* or golden coins[1] to pay for the "goodly pearls" they came seeking at such cost.

It is in connection with these Græco-Roman contacts that we have the fascinating stories of the apostleship in both Northern and Southern India of Thomas, Thomas the doubter, Thomas the twin, who threw himself in an ecstasy of devotion at the feet of the risen Christ, crying, "My Lord and my God," and went farther in that ecstasy than any other of the twelve. Modern scholarship has debated whether it could have been possible in that first century for one of the twelve actually to have reached India. A competent scholar, the late Dr. J. N. Farquhar, has recently gone through the evidence to date and comes to the following conclusions: "We have urged that in the circumstances of thirty years ago the conclusion that the tales about Thomas's apostolate in India were mythical, was the best judgment that could be formed on the evidence then available. We would now suggest that it would be reasonable to form a rather different conclusion about the story. . . . How could a mere myth, created in three far-sundered centers, assume the lineaments of history with such success? Thirty years ago the balance of the probability stood absolutely against the story of the apostolate of Thomas in India; we suggest that today the balance of probability is distinctly on the side of historicity."[1]

---

[1] Large hoards of these have been found. See Vincent Smith's *Oxford History of India.*

The second contact of India with the West was with southern Europeans. From the seventh century onward, the Moslems blocked any direct land approaches. As long as this barrier held, merchants of Venice and Genoa, like Marco Polo, worked their way slowly back and forth through western Asia, Persia and India to the court of the Mongols in far-off northern China. Along with them came a handful of Dominican and Franciscan missionaries, men who realized to their sorrow that "because we, being few in number, could not occupy or even visit many parts of the land, many souls (woe is me!) have perished, and exceeding many do perish, for lack of preachers of the Word of the Lord."

---

[1] See *The Apostle Thomas in North India* and *The Apostle Thomas in South India,* both by J. N. Farquhar.

The barrier of mountains and deserts and Moslems had to be transcended before Europe and India could really get together. There are only four ways in which it can be done: to force a way through, to tunnel under, to pass around, to fly above. The first Europe was unable to do, the second still sounds absurd, the third was actually done on May 20, 1498, by Vasco da Gama in his three tiny Portuguese caravels, and the fourth is being done weekly in this marvelous twentieth century. It was Portugal that reunited India and the West by opening the sea-lanes which in our day have been widened to sea-boulevards, along which the ships of the earth in huge numbers freely come and go. By a "bridge of boats" the two are forever joined.

Portugal came to trade, and then to rule small settlements: into the "Thomas country" first, the Malabar coast where spices grow; and then all along the west coast, and over a bit on the east coast, and to Ceylon and to the Spice Islands of the East Indian archipelago. It is a thrilling tale of a little nation roughly and ruthlessly blazing the trail of commerce. Portugal never bit deep into the Indian pie—notice its pie-shape—but nibbled along the edges. Portugal never got far from her ships, but she ran the ships into every possible harbor, along the west and east coasts of Africa, the Gulf of Aden, the Persian Gulf, the coasts of India, Ceylon, Burma, Malay Peninsula, and the great and small islands that are spilled about the equator. Tiny Portugal wove her web of empire with thin but extended threads. Her reputation was not too good, and Orientals both distrusted and despised the Portuguese. To hold her conquests in India—and a few still remain—she went into the business of breeding, not cattle but soldiers, offspring of Indian mothers and Portuguese fathers. Portuguese half-breeds, known as Goanese, are numerous in India today.

While Portugal was at the height of her power, the gates were opened for Roman Catholic missionaries from the lands of southern Europe. Loyola was still alive when the Jesuits chose India as their first mission field, and sent as their very first their very best.

Francis Xavier set his foot on the soil of India on May 6, 1542, at Portuguese Goa—and modern missions had begun. If all Portuguese and all Christians had been like this son of Navarre, the record of Europe in India would be a quite different one. Loyola and his companions, of whom Xavier was one, had founded the Jesuit order as an organization of loyal hearts submitting to military discipline "for the greater glory of God." They were a Roman Catholic Salvation Army. Their group was to furnish a bodyguard for the Christ as he went forth to fresh conquests in the new earth so amazingly unfolding in their time, and so it was they called themselves the Society, or Company, of Jesus. Francis Xavier was their scholar and their saint. He belonged indeed to the company of Jesus, and had so accustomed himself to that society that men and women somehow thought, as he passed along or stopped a while with them, that he resembled his Companion. He was "a whirlwind of love" as he pioneered for modern missions in all these lands of the East. Pity it is that those who came after him did not always "follow in his train." Yet even of his successors much that is notable and much that is noble is permanently recorded in the memory of India. Read how this Xavier of Spain pioneered with the low and the outcastes; how de Nobili of Italy broke into the Brahman citadel; how Aquaviva of Naples became honored tutor to Moslem princes and preacher extraordinary to the Moslem court. These men—all Jesuits—acquainted the three important groups in India with the organized Christian doctrine and practice of southern European lands.

The third contact of India with Europe was with northern Europeans. Adventurers from northern Europe followed hard upon the Portuguese when once the latter had aroused their cupidity. These later comers were mostly Protestants and no lovers of the Roman Catholic peoples of southern Europe. In the Americas and in Asia it was not looked upon as crime to dispossess the Spanish or Portuguese of lands or trading privileges. Spain and Portugal had persuaded the Pope in 1493 to divide the world between them, Portugal to the east and Spain to the west of the famous line of demarcation. But who could divide the world when the Dutch and the English and the Danes and the French were on the high seas, determined to have a share in the spoils? Let the cannon and not the Pope decide! So the cannon spoke and Holland relieved Portugal of her gains; and then England in turn relieved Holland of all but her rich Netherlands East Indies (enough for one small nation); and then France tried to relieve England and almost did so; and finally England, remaining mistress of the seas, became mistress also of India.

For India the period of struggle between the beginning of the sixteenth and the middle of the nineteenth centuries was not only a rough introduction to European folkways, but also the period of the rise and fall of the Mogul empire. It was no quiet time when the Indian peoples could ponder the virtues and values of European culture, but a rough-and-tumble age when people held fast to what they already had rather than risk the new and the untried. But what was there, after all, to admire and imitate in these newcomers except their clever chicanery and splendid courage, their dependable cannon and drilled troops? So Indians looked at Europeans, disliked them in their hearts, and made no attempt to pattern their own life after the life of Europe. A sorry picture of Christendom and Christianity these contending merchants, sailors, soldiers, and administrators gave to the peoples of Asia. If these were Christian representatives, who could desire any further introductions or intimacies? Christ was truly "hidden from the heathen eye." Asia saw in him only the war-god of these shouting and shooting *gora-log,* who drank to excess, kept Indian mistresses, disturbed the peace of the kingdom and exploited the soil and its inhabitants for their own profit, brawled and fought with one another, showed little if any interest in religion for their own sake, and no interest whatever in it for the sake of others. Yet among these adventurers were a few men who did not defile their garments, but gave another and a different interpretation of the meaning of the words Christ and Christianity.

European morals in India have greatly improved since the British people began to take their Indian commitments seriously, and to realize that the relations between themselves and the people of India could not longer be left to the control of a semi-private commercial interest such as the East India Company. With the transfer of political control in India from the company to the crown in 1858 there began a vast improvement in the moral standards of European social life in India. Europeans brought their wives to India and began to submit themselves to their own European standards of morals. The "somewhere east of Suez" code began to fade out, and while many still raised a thirst, yet the Ten Commandments reappeared. Indian respect for the private life of many of their European visitors began to mount. Not that Englishmen now grew wings, but that the eighteenth century days of notorious evil living were definitely over. The gospel of Christ, though still largely neglected, was not so flagrantly flouted by those who expected in death "a decent Christian burial." At the same time the social cleavage between European and Indian became an impassable chasm by reason of the increasing presence of English women. Thus while to the Indian the European house was made empty, swept and garnished of the unclean spirit of loose living, the devils of race haughtiness and national pride, among others, returned to make the last state worse than the first, for the Indian had himself been developing a race sensitiveness that made him react against the European more violently than ever.

The other result of British life and rule in India has been the increasing acquaintance of Indians with European culture. All intelligent Indians, even those who have never crossed the "black water" to be educated in Britain itself, know what the basic institutions and products of Europe really are, and have had a chance to discuss, approve or condemn them in the hearing of their neighbors.

It was in the midst of the trade and conquest of the eighteenth century that the Protestant missions to India were launched. They represent an attempt not only to interpret the mind of the Prophet of Nazareth, but at the same time, and perhaps unconsciously, to interpret to the Indian peoples the more idealistic and ethical aspects of the culture of northern Europe. They have generally served to soften the bitterness and prejudice that the Indian has felt toward that culture. One William Carey is antidote sufficient for many carousing fellow-countrymen, and while the latter are long since forgotten by English and Indian alike, the name of Carey remains, a benediction upon Bengal.

It is a gracious company of men and women, these protagonists of the Christ and of the softer, gentler side of European civilization. They were hampered at first by every possible restriction, for nobody wanted missionaries around in those earlier days; it was not until 1813 that the British possessions were freely opened to Christian missions. Nevertheless, aided by friends at home, they wore down the barriers by persistence and prayer, and scattered themselves all over India until now the red lines on a missionary map, denoting stations occupied by resident missionaries, number almost a thousand. Many are the names of these northern European missionaries that have been copied out of the Lamb's Book of Life upon the church's roll of honor. In the eighteenth century there are the youthful Ziegenbalg and the aged Schwartz, German Lutherans both, who illuminated the southern end of the Indian peninsula in a period of deep darkness by the rainbow radiance of their lives. Here is William Carey, of whom it has been well said, "He broke the way for us all into Asia and gave his life without an interval, for its people." The astounding application of Carey to just one phase of his work is scarcely to be believed: his translation of the whole Bible into six of the languages of India, the New Testament into twenty-three, and one or more of the Gospels into five, a total of thirty-four languages. Here are three great Scotsmen, who in the thirties and forties of the last century planted the first Christian colleges in the new cities of India: Alexander Duff in Calcutta, John Anderson in Madras, and John Wilson in Bombay. Here is William Miller of Madras, who took up the task and taught and lived so wondrously that "his students went through life content to describe themselves as his pupils." These are the men first responsible for that combined intellectual and moral upheaval which has produced the modern educated Hindu, and made possible the amazing response in our day to the preaching of a "Christ of the Indian Road."

The fourth contact of India with the West is but a continuation and enlargement of the European contacts. North America and Australasia began as extensions of Europe, but have now grown into new and distinct entities which have entered into their own peculiar relations with the peoples of Asia. America has come to India as trader, as missionary, and now as ubiquitous tourist, and warm has been the response of American hearts to Indian aspirations. Mahatma Gandhi has no more intense admirers outside of India than in the United States, reputed to have sold its soul to Mammon. America has large investments[1] in these peoples of the Indian continent, but more than trade to us are our sons and daughters. America has played since 1812 a remarkable part in the making of modern India through this small army of picked men and women representing the finest of our adventurous Christian youth, and India holds many an American grave—some bit of Pennsylvania or Kansas or Ontario in a foreign land. Wherever the churches of America have generously supported their representatives with money and prayer, they have thereby brought America nearer to India, and both together nearer to the eternal purpose.[1]

---

[1] The United States ranks third in volume of India's foreign trade, the total value being about $200,000,000. India takes from us petroleum products, machinery, automobiles, and iron and steel hardware, while we take from India jute, tea, lac, raw wool, hides and skins.

Into the larger world of Western culture India moves out, for labor, for travel, for education, for war, for international counsel. It is, of course, only the few among scores of millions who know by actual contact the lands beyond the seas. To the masses the West is still Walayat, the British Tommy's Blighty, the strange region of which "Inglistan," "Jurmany," "Firance," "Amreeka," "Ispain" and "Roos" are in some incomprehensible way a part, just as to the majority of us the important provinces of India or China are as meaningful mysteries as the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian obelisk.

Western culture makes a deep appeal to most Indian nationalists. Two of their leaders told me recently of the fascination it held for them. Said one, "If our freedom can come only by cutting India away from the West, then let it come, but it will drain my heart's blood, for I was brought up to admire and love the true culture of the West." The new India at heart longs to be a part of the larger world. Give any Indian your appreciation (not patronage) and your sociability, and he will lay his life in your hand. He dreams of the day when he shall see his country respected and admired in the sisterhood of nations. When, along with justice, generosity is dealt out to him, he is the world's idealist. He can never be hard-headed while he is soft-hearted—this is his failing and his lovableness.

---

[1] The total of North American missionaries of Protestant societies in India, including Burma, is 2,679, which represents 47 per cent of the entire Protestant missionary body in that land. The British societies have 2,585, or 45½ per cent. The American missionaries far outnumber the British in Burma, Central India, the Central Provinces, and the United Provinces; they outnumber the British in Assam, Bombay, and the Punjab; in Madras the two groups are equal. On all these provinces America has set her mark. (From *World Missionary Atlas, 1925.*)

Although the West exercises a fascination over the East, yet in the Eastern heart there is to be found suspicion and hostility. It has been hard for India to quite fathom our Western minds. We speak of the queer Oriental who does everything "just opposite" from us, and they speak of the queer Occidental in the same way. When it is put to a majority vote Asia wins, and Occidentals are the queer ones of the world. Our Western civilization has two sides and one belies the other. We are still in a process of unification which is by no means achieved and which is proving meanwhile disruptive of our whole life. We are like a snake only half out of its old skin, struggling violently to go the rest of the way while the skin still sticks.

The unintelligible character of our civilization is seen in all that we do. In war we kill and injure men by the hundreds with the machine-gun or with chemical gas, and then proceed to pick them up with the ambulance, tending each one, whether friend or foe, as of infinite worth. Politically we conquer, then proceed to train our subjects for self-government again. Economically we tear down indigenous handicrafts in the interest of our machine-made goods, then start in to construct a prosperity with factories, tariffs, labor legislation, canals, railways, experiment stations, and a thousand other things. Socially we make ourselves known as men and women of racial pride and prejudice by turning our backs upon "Asiatics" and "niggers," then turn about to proclaim sympathetic understanding and friendly cooperation as our chief ideal in life. Religiously we are either so indifferent to the claims of Christianity as to create the conviction that Christianity has no hold among us, or our Christianity is so aggressive as to be intolerant of and intolerable to the non-Christian faiths.

The fact is that India is fighting for her self-identity and for her soul against an overwhelming Western impact. In this crisis she vaguely realizes that if she does not surrender she remains out of the main current of other races and peoples, in a side eddy all her own; while if she does surrender, the danger is that she will become, as Turkey and Japan are fast becoming, a pale copy of the West. Therefore she both welcomes and refuses everything that comes out of the West. Even while she cautiously adopts the new, she tries to salvage the old, with not too fine a discrimination of elements good and bad in her past. Happy is the man, be he British official, foreign trader, man of business, or missionary, who can serve India in this perplexing hour by bringing to her out of the West those finer and more Christian attitudes and activities that are forming in the midst of the terrific struggle within our own home lands.

India's Appreciation of Christ

In these four contacts of hers with our world of the West, what have we taught India of the Christ? To what extent does India know Christ? When you use the name of Jesus in conversation, can you be sure that your Indian listener knows what Jesus began to do and to teach in far-off Galilean times? To what extent is the name of Jesus only a name?

It is an interesting question and one I tried to answer, as recently I went up and down and round and through India. Such books as E. Stanley Jones' *The Christ of the Indian Road,* or W. E. S. Holland's *The Indian Outlook,* or my own *Our Asiatic Christ,* may easily mislead. A book which treats of the silver lining to the cloud may minimize the cloud. The fact is that in India the cloud of ignorance of or indifference to the Christ is exceedingly big and black. These books and others are merely thanking God and reminding us that the silver lining can be plainly seen and that it denotes something worth denoting. "Because of the tender mercy of our God whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us," is the way an earlier generation sang of this same silver lining upon another cloud.

Not all the educated groups in India know Christ. I ran across great numbers of the so-called intelligentsia who were not intelligent on this point. Christ was often a mere name of misty vagueness. No one had ever commended him to them in their modes of speech and according to their tastes, and they themselves had never read the Gospels. Nor was it so many years ago that I stood commending the Christ in a populous village of a thousand or more inhabitants and was stopped short with the words, "If all you tell us of this Jesus were true, we would not be hearing this for the first time tonight." There are tens of thousands of villages in India that have never heard Christ's name, and hundreds of thousands of villages to whom it has as yet brought no apparent change.

Yet no man can draw a line and say, "Thus far the flood has risen." The waters of the knowledge of the Lord have their own secret channels. One can but cast a fathoming line here and there, and estimate for the rest. Outdoor preaching in bazaars and at *mela* festivals, *zenana* teaching, personal conversations, all these are bread cast upon the waters, to be found again, if found at all, after many days. Far beyond the human voice goes the silent voice of the Christian scripture. The Bible societies have seen to it that any man in his own language and for less than the price of a package of cigarettes may have the story. A Gospel of Mark, say, goes for a cent into a village home and there has its adventure. It may be used as wrapping paper for lentils or sweets made of flour, curds and sugar-cane juice, or it may become a key to the treasures of the kingdom of heaven. "I bought a Christian book at a *mela* for a *paisa,*" said a youthful landowner to me, "and it still lies on the shelf unread. It is the story of an unmarried girl who had a child," and he went on to tell of his favorite Hindu deities and their daily *puja* worship. Some day someone will read further out of that little book about the child of the "unmarried girl," and Jesus of Nazareth will have passed by. I rather think that through these silent missionaries the Christ has gone further upon the Indian road than we have reason to suspect. We have by no means charted all the comings and goings of those blessed feet.

What is the Christian message to India? Surely not our Western culture in its present confusion, with a prophet for every point of the compass, and its locked struggle between mechanistic selfish materialism and the control of the energies of nature in the name of the Most High. Surely not our personal example, with the frantic boast and foolish word with which our easy-going, shiftless, futile lives do not keep step. Surely not our organizations and institutions, necessary enough as agencies and instruments of our purpose, but furnishing no answer in themselves to the cry of the world's pain and loneliness and sin. Surely not the process of overwhelming Indian individuality by the weight of our Hellenic-Roman-Teutonic-American coefficients to the original unit of the gospel.

Indians themselves are not slow to tell us what our Christian message should be, nor what it is they like to hear. Announce to them by living word and visible deed, "We preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus as Lord, and ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake," and instinctively they lift up the gates of their souls that the King of Glory may come in. They cannot resist, any more than can other human beings, the insistent pressure of a life that is Christlike in its dynamic and in its ministry.

What shall we tell them? India asks first for the Sermon on the Mount. To the Indian heart and mind there is no Christian scripture like unto this. The reaction of the Hindu to these sayings of Jesus is instinctive and immediate. They are self-evident truths of the world as it ought to be. "If then," said Mr. Gandhi to a Young Men's Christian Association gathering in Ceylon, "I had to face only the Sermon on the Mount and my own interpretation of it, I should not hesitate to say, 'Oh yes, I am a Christian.' "

All over India I heard Hindus declare of Jesus, "We shall interpret him." What they had in mind was their own appreciation of the Sermon on the Mount in contrast to the lack of appreciation which we of the West exhibit in our daily living. Jesus the teacher they heartily approve. It is this sermon of his which they mark and quote and throw up to us. "You of the West," they say, "take Jesus apologetically at this point while we take him literally. You of the West escape from these plain precepts by retreating into the spirit in which they were spoken, while we accept them as a set of commandments, to be obeyed or rejected as they stand."

"I am more of a Christian than any of you sitting here," said a Hindu to a group of us sitting about a table. "I live daily by that word of Jesus, 'Be not therefore anxious for the morrow,' while you Christians are always looking ahead with concern."

What is there in this "mountain sermon" of Jesus that makes appeal to the men of India? I think it is the intensity which throbs in it. India has always taken religion seriously. The religious life is an eternal pilgrimage from birth to rebirth. Pilgrimage is not holiday-making; its mark is the mark of pain. Joy is the end of the journey and not its accompaniment. To any prophet of intensity India listens: intense love, intense trust, intense joy, intense purity, intense enthusiasm for righteousness, all the intensities of being perfect. Run through the Sermon on the Mount—the thing is palpitating, great beats from the heart of God through the human arteries of Jesus. Here is trust brought to its perfection, lifted right out of the heart of a little child in the home and set in the center of man's being, trust that opens the hand of a giving God. Here is providence shown in perfection, calling the birds to their feedings and dressing up the common flowers. Here is gentleness so great as to become irresistible power, that like the soft ceaseless rain on a mountainside tears rocks asunder and sends them thundering into the valley. It is on this passage of turning the other cheek that Gandhi's leadership has developed a soul power so strong as to seriously threaten British rule. Here is purity so sweet and perfect that sex is never the obtruding thought. Here is ethical enthusiasm such as neither the scribes and Pharisees of Judea nor the *rishis* and pundits of India know anything about. The way of moral achievement is cleared up to the horizons of the perfectness of God: "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." With such a sign in the heavens, human enthusiasm for righteousness both individual and social becomes not a struggling but a conquering force. So the procession still winds up that mountain side, and the Teacher still expounds the life of heaven lived on earth.

There is another aspect of Jesus that makes direct contact with the Indian sense of the fitness of things. Jesus is mystic as well as teacher. India has long demanded that the truly religious man must have an immediate and intuitive sense of an ultimate reality. He must not merely talk about the manifold world of things, he must feel and enter the unitary world of being. He must rest in the consciousness of oneness with God.

Where is a full portrait of Jesus the mystic? The Hindu finds it beautifully drawn in the Gospel of John. The appeal of the fourth evangelist is second only to that of the Sermon on the Mount. Here without doubt Jesus' sense of his relation to the Father colors the whole of his consciousness, which to the Indian is as it should be. There were no distractions that could cast their shade upon his soul. "I and the Father," "My Father and I"—this closeness of relationship comes out in the silent hours when Christ sat alone. But India too often presses it further to mean identity rather than likeness. Hindu philosophy has made it so easy to take utterances like "I and the Father are one," and "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and press them into the moulds of Upanishadic teaching, where they become a declaration on Jesus' part that there is no difference between him and God, that all human life is one with the life of God, that personality is the "organ of pain" which Jesus at the end gladly surrenders for identity with God. Here is a Christian Vedanta which the Hindu welcomes as substantiating his own.

There is much else in the fourth Gospel which India heartily approves. Here is Jesus' insistence on the reality of the unseen as against the seen. The unseen is the endless drama—"Before Abraham was born I am"; the seen is the passing show. Here is Jesus coming from God and going unto God, the human soul, high-born and high-destined, shut in on all sides by divinity. Here are great claims and humble ministry amazingly combined: Jesus "knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands . . . took a towel and girded himself" to wash the feet of unworthy men. Here is the prayer life of Jesus where is seen the nestling of his soul in God. Along with John's Gospel, the Hindu responds to *The Imitation of Christ,* by Thomas à Kempis. Here in this little manual of Christian mysticism the disciple explores the life "hid with Christ in God."

The third approval of the Christ in India is very recent and very full of meaning. We owe a great debt here to Mr. Gandhi, who has attracted the attention of his fellow-Hindus to the significance of the sufferings and death of Jesus. The story of the passion week at last begins to glow. Hitherto Jesus as martyr has awakened little interest, for the story was strange. What did India know or care about Pharisees and Sadducees and temple guards, about Roman governors and centurions, about Hebrew Sanhedrims and inscriptions in strange languages, about crosses and tombs? Suffering was common enough, why glorify it? If Jesus was the Son of God, was he not rather left in the lurch by the God he had trusted, and did he not show that he realized this in his cry on the cross?

The Moslem, who reverences Jesus as one of the major prophets of Islam, feels this disgrace of the crucifixion keenly and finds comfort in the words of the Koran: "Yet they slew him not, and they crucified him not, but one was made to appear to them like [Jesus] . . . . They did not really slay him, but God took him up to himself."[1] I remember well my argument with one of the outstanding Moslem leaders, principal of one of their important colleges. "It is beneath the dignity of God," he said, "to stoop to lift mankind, and to see in the cross any suffering of God is to make God imperfect in his nature. It cannot be."

---

[1] *Koran,* Rodwell's translation, Sura 4: verse 156.

The atmosphere has cleared for the Hindu, and there are signs that it may clear some day for the Moslem as well. To Hindu nationalists prepared to suffer for their country the redemptive suffering of Jesus makes large appeal. Mahatma Gandhi, taking upon himself the sins of his people in the pains of long fasting and toilsome marches, has silenced every Indian who doubted the efficacy and power in vicarious suffering. A beacon light has been thrown upon the cross. A leading Hindu philosopher remarks to a Christian missionary, "The cross is your greatest power." Mr. Gandhi asks for his favorite hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," and large audiences of educated Hindus sit in silence as the mystery of the cross is made the theme of Christian messengers. The Hindu Ramakrishna Mission observes passion week as one of their holy seasons. Even the Moslem is becoming susceptible to the argument that the cross does not involve any question of the faithfulness of God, but rather the extreme to which a servant of God will of his own choice go in the way of duty.

There is a fourth attraction in Jesus to which the Indian nationalist responds. I can never forget the enthusiasm with which the topic "Jesus' conception of a better world and how it can be achieved" was greeted in a number of Indian cities. Here is the social passion of Jesus which India needs and desires, not working itself off into frothy and effervescent words or superficial programs but working itself out in thoroughgoing ministries which pour the dynamics of God into the needs of men. India has sought power through the meditation and concentration of Yoga, that terrific physical and mental discipline by which a man's whole being is focused on one thought until that thought becomes a raging flame within him, consuming all that has to do with self and earth and life as he knows it here and now. On an ocean of rapture the man sails out to the unknowable, to the great Reality, to sheer power and joy which can be felt but not described. To the Indian nationalist, however, the Yogic power and joy have no meaning or purpose. They are for the ascetic, not for the politician or social reformer or citizen. They are other-worldly and impractical. But in Jesus is power applied to human welfare; not ordinary human power raised to capacity degree, but the very power of the divine, which the Yoga seeks, coming through communion. The Gospels, the Acts and the Epistles all tingle with consciousness of a new birth, a new creation, a new vitality which are given, not earned or achieved, for the purpose of creating a perfect human society composed of transformed individuals living in happy relations with God and with men. India is slowly discovering by experience that for national uplift as well as for the individual's struggle for moral victory, there is no other like "Christ the power of God." So a Hindu speaking to Hindus in my presence says, "Among the incarnations of God Jesus Christ was the purest. Among the incarnations of God he was the mightiest. He excelled in the service of others."

WHAT INDIA YET LACKS

While Indians are slowly beginning to experience the presence of the Christ in their midst and to interpret his influence, they are by no means aware of the full facts. There is much yet for the Christian to set forth regarding this same Jesus. Jesus is more than teacher, mystic, martyr, and source of power for the individual and for society. India has long denied the value of human personality as such, in and for itself. The denial has become a creed and it is difficult to change creeds; they are not stamped upon but carved into consciousness; they are foundation stones, and to pull them out topples the superstructure. How can India in a day, and in her ancient pride, stand up and confess before you and me that she has been misinformed for millenniums, and that personality is the fundamental value by which all human systems, political, economic, social or religious, are to be judged? Yet this is the very meaning of Christ. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God. If children, then heirs; heirs of God." Limitless possibilities open out for every personality, whatever the caste or sex or economic status. This is high explosive for Hinduism, which has allowed no recognition to the individual except as ascetic. Such a doctrine applied in India would prove exceedingly disruptive, and many are those who fear its working.

Again, India has not as yet discovered the risen Christ. The gospel story as far as the cross and the tomb, and the three letters of John, constitute for many their version of the Christian New Testament. The appearances of Jesus risen from the dead, the Acts of the witnesses, and the Epistles of that Saul of Tarsus who became, because of what he saw on the Damascus road, "Paul, a missionary of Jesus Christ"—all these are to the Hindu and the Moslem without adequate appeal. They do not as yet mark and underscore where the living Christ walks across the page. Not out of the scriptures but out of Christian lives must the reality of "He is risen" sound in the ears of these who, like Thomas, must thrust their fingers and their hands into the marks of certainty before they will believe. It is for us to show the power of the risen Christ to transform life and keep it running on high levels.

And once again, Jesus' power of decision has not been understood nor appropriated. The "straightway"s in Mark's portrait of the Master need to be interpreted for India, where, as in other lands, it is only too easy not to bring the will into play even when the mind has been convinced. The saints and holy men of India have not been noted for energetic thinking and decisive action in the world of men. "Yet it is these," says T. R. Glover in *The Jesus of History,* "which Jesus insists upon in the widow who will have justice; in the virgins who thought ahead and brought extra oil; in the vigorous man who found the treasure and made sure of it; in the friend at midnight, who hammered, hammered, hammered till he got his loaves; in the 'violent' who 'take the Kingdom of Heaven by force'; in the man who will hack off his hand to enter into life. . . . It is energy of mind that he calls for—either with me or against me." Such sudden decision issuing in action is foreign to India's religious mood, which looks on us of the West as "hastening to do before we have become."

How Christ Will Be Made Known

How is India to get the complete picture of the Christ? The increasing earnestness of Indian Christians and of missionaries in considering this question is seen on every side, for this is the time of all times for revealing a total Christ.

Is it to be by Christian institutions—educational and philanthropic—which manifest the teaching and healing Christ? Partly so; India needs the social gospel. Yet the social gospel alone will not convince. India is homesick for the eternal and it is difficult for her to see the eternal in bandages and blackboards. The bandage may bind the superficial wound and do nothing for the bleeding heart; the blackboard may show no symbols for the formulæ of heaven.

Is it to be by great churches in the cities? There are such. There is not a city of any size in all of India without its Christian church and Indian pastor,[1] and much might be said in favor of them that was said in favor of the seven churches of Asia. They have their works and their patience and they hold fast the Name in the midst of tribulation and poverty; yet there is this against them, that they need to be more Indian than they are, and far more Christian, if they would commend the Christ to their fellow-nationals. Recently an Indian pastor walked eight miles just to beg that in our travels we stir these city churches out of their easy-going complacency into a dominating and liberating enthusiasm for God which would consider every human cruelty a challenge and every human need a prayer.

---

[1] In 1925 there were 7,837 organized Protestant churches, of which 1,247 were self-financing, and 2,207 ordained Indian ministers (*World Missionary Atlas*). That same year the Roman Catholics reported 6,795 stations with churches or chapels, and 1,813 ordained Indian priests. (From *Vatican Mission Exposition.*)

Is it to be by village Christian groups? Ninety-three per cent of Indian Christians live in the villages. Nowhere can greater ministry be done for Christ than in serving these groups of the unending countryside. As yet they are a heavy drag upon the Indian Christian church, lowering its standard of literacy and its vitality, yet they are the "Inasmuch" folk of Christ's parable and we neglect them at our peril. The great majority come from the depressed classes, with all their ancient handicaps dragging like chains. Yet the significant fact is this, that their faces are set toward their freedom. One of their leaders said to me, "The churches of America are becoming discouraged with us and are cutting their support. Plead with them for us. Tell them we are bricks in the various stages of production: some just dug from the clay-pit, some just cut into the shape of a brick, some dried a bit, some in the kiln, and some actually built into the temple of the

Lord." He was right; what becomes of the sticky clay is of more moment than where it comes from. While it may indeed be "sound strategy at present not to increase the number of these village Christians faster than their welfare," yet this is a cold answer to a cry of pain.

Is it to be by the union of churches? What if such union lessen the long list of denominations which divide the Christian community almost as caste divides the Hindu group? To cast the mote of division out of our Hindu brother's eye with such a beam in our own eye is to fall again under the condemnation, "Thou hypocrite!" Significant movements toward union are on, especially in South India, where Episcopal-ordained and Presbyterian-ordained are showing the older churches of the West how it can be done.[1]

Is it to be by national Christian organizations which both transcend and represent the churches? Undoubtedly, yes. Most significant here is the National Missionary Society, established in 1905, which works in five provinces, supports some fifty workers, and has a budget of about fifty thousand rupees. The society is not attempting to establish an independent church, but works in connection with other missions and churches. By this method Indian leadership chooses not "to be missionaried unto" but to be missionary, and so brings to bear upon their own mission fields in various parts of India the strength of the total Protestant Indian Christian community. Equally important is the National Christian Council, which is like the great general staff where investigations are carried on and grand strategy evolved which the various missions and churches are free to accept or refuse. This clearing house of information and method and proposal has become indispensable to Protestant Christianity in India. The oneness of the church is being worked out in practice even while the oneness in name lags far behind.

---

[1] The South India United Church established in 1908 is the coming together in organic union of the American Arcot Mission (Dutch Reformed), United Free Church of Scotland (Presbyterian), London Missionary Society (British Congregational), American Board (Congregational), Church of Scotland (Presbyterian), and Swiss Basel Mission (Reformed) Churches. Negotiations are now well advanced to enlarge the union by the coming together of this South India United Church and the large Anglican Church (Episcopalian), as well as the British Wesleyan (Methodist). Although outside this movement as yet, the Mar Thoma branch of the ancient Thomas Christians is beginning to consider the question of associating itself with this amazing combination of churches.

Is it to be by the Thomas Christians of the South? These are they to whom, by their ancient loyalties to Christ and by their high levels of education and economic prosperity, the call comes insistently in our time. Here are Indian churches with Indian leaders and finances, with rituals and methods prepared through the centuries for a time like this when they could lead the whole Christian movement in India if they would. At Maramanu in the native state of Travancore I saw the Mar Thoma branch of this so-called Nestorian church beginning to move out on a missionary errand with a missionary dedication of self. Their bishop, Abraham, is the man of God behind this mighty venture. Yet some say these Malayali Christians of St. Thomas' spiritual lineage are too easy-going and too prosperous to be the evangelists of their own India.

Is it to be by song? Along this path dear to the Indian soul the Christ is moving inwards. Lyrical evangelism is becoming an accepted and accredited method. With their own indigenous tunes and the gospel words, these Indian Christians are setting forth bravely and increasingly to sing India into the Kingdom. It is not merely religious poetry they sing but Christian scripture. Where India cannot be preached or educated into the Kingdom, she may yet be loved and sung, provided the love be genuine and the song catching and telling. To hear a group of theological students sing a group of parables or a miracle of Jesus, with drum and cymbal and Indian lute, to watch the bendings of the body and the wide openings of the mouth and the eagerness of the eyes, is to have it confirmed that in India the gospel may still be good news.

Is it to be by *ashrams?* This is another typical Indian method of fostering religious certainties and enthusiasms. An *ashram* is a retreat where quiet and meditation and prayer restore and remake a life that has grown ineffective or become worn too thin by friction with the world. One recalls Sidney Lanier's

Into the woods my Master went
Clean forspent, forspent . . .
Out of the woods my Master went
And He was well content.

India has discovered long since the spiritual quality of a grove. So her ascetics are seen under trees, and all the little denizens of the forest run about them. When the disciples of Christ enter this land they too seek renewal of spirit in the groves and the tree-shade. There are several such Christian *ashrams* which prepare a new type of hermit whose retirement is but for a month or a week, and who still hold the world in mind with the purpose of rendering it further service in the name of a ministering Christ.

Is it to be by Christian literature? Here is a great opportunity, no doubt, for introducing India to the total Christ. Indian book-stalls already bend under the output of the presses, yet how inadequate to the millions of Indian readers is the literature provided by the Christian churches!

Is it to be by evangelistic campaigns among educated non-Christians, such as those carried on by Dr. Stanley Jones? It was my privilege recently for about eight months to share in this new type of Christian effort. I have known thrills but nothing like this one of seeing great Indian audiences respond enthusiastically to the Christ of Christianity, even though they may still look with suspicion on the false "ianity" with which the Christ is sometimes nominally joined.

Is it to be by missionaries? Yes, Indian Christians still ask for missionaries, but a new note is creeping into their asking. They are emphasizing personal qualification rather than numbers, and the qualification they emphasize is twofold: "Let them be men and women of ability trained for their task, but above all else let them be of the humble and self-forgetful and friendly type. Our heads would respect such and our hearts would love them. Their sense of superiority must be a sense of the superiority of the opportunity that is offered them, and not of race or achievement. They must suggest the Christ not only by their calling, but by every practice of their life. For them to be able to do this, Christ must be to them more than a hallowed name and a Kingdom coming. He must be a rich present experience. His name must be written on their foreheads, and the writing of it renewed each day."

Is it to be by Indian lives? This, certainly, is the final proof of the power of the Christ in India. In this more than all else will his teaching be seen and understood by Indians. What can the moral and spiritual craftsmanship of the Carpenter of Nazareth effect in the lives of Indian men and women? Many of us have seen the answer in life after life. The outcaste has become literally a new creature. Here is Sujan the *bhangi,* the scavenger, with a new cleanliness of body and soul, a touch of radiance in his face; with a book in his hand which he expounds with intelligence and zeal and power; with a home that has caught the Christian virtues, and four strong sons today in the Christian ministry. One of these sons conceived and executed the plan of building in an important center a church that is, in its exterior and interior, thoroughly Indian and thoroughly Christian. The church is self-supporting. Here is another scavenger who in childhood was picked up in some tiny hamlet and given a chance. He was my Indian pastor when I was a lad, and I can still see him singing, for he transformed every neighborhood in which he settled by his songs, and the hymnals of the churches of North India are richer by his gift. Here is a Moslem won to Christ, so he told me, because a Christian woman prayed for him throughout a night, a man who is changing the atmosphere of a bigoted Moslem city. Here is a Brahman boy who went and sold all he had for a pearl of great price; disinherited and cast out, he still held on to the pearl. The years have passed and his loyalty burns on, and some of us relight our lamps from that flame.

But who can recount the epic of the Christ in India? India stands today where the roads of her destiny are forking. She looks to her future. She is out for freedom. Which is the way that will take her to her goal? Freedom is on her tongue and in her heart: national freedom from foreign government and exploitation, social freedom from poverty and ignorance and communal division, individual freedom for untouchables, and freedom for women with their age-long disabilities; freedom of the hand, to work at honest and skillful labor; freedom of the mind and freedom of the spirit, to remain Indian in a world of conflicting peoples.

Indian nationalism, then, is out for freedom. Where is freedom to be found? In independence or in dominion status? In cooperation or in non-cooperation?

In violence or in non-violence? In civil disobedience or in obedience to law? In contact with the West or in lack of contact? Are these things freedom? Or is freedom a coming upon life, upon truth, an open road to a God who loves us all? What has Christ to do with India's freedom? Nothing? Or perhaps, after all—everything?

READING LIST

This list is limited for the most part to include only easily available books of moderate price that have been published within the past ten years, and a few outstanding volumes of earlier date. Titles marked (*) are suggested as the nucleus of a small reference library for use by groups studying the Christian mission in India.

General and Descriptive

CASE FOR INDIA, THE. J. S. Hoyland. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1929. $2.00.

INDIA, A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW. L. J. Ronaldshay. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1924. $5.00.

INDIA IN 1928-29. One of a series of annual statements of similar title prepared for presentation to Parliament by the Director of Public Information, Government of India. Obtainable in the United States from the British Library of Information, 5 East 45th Street, New York. $1.00.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MUSSULMAUNS OF INDIA. Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali. Second edition, with notes and an introduction by W. Crooke. Oxford University Press, New York. 1917. $2.50.

VISIT INDIA WITH ME. D. G. Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1929. $3.50.

Historical

BRITISH CONNECTION WITH INDIA, THE. K. T. Paul. Student Christian Movement, London. 1927. 5/-.

INDIA. Sir V. Chirol. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1926. $3.00.

INDIA'S PAST. A. A. Macdonell. Oxford University Press, New York. 1927. $3.75.

MAKING OF MODERN INDIA, THE. N. Macnicol. Oxford University Press, New York. 1924. $2.50.

NATION IN MAKING, A. S. Banerjea. Oxford University Press, New York. 1925. $3.50.

*OXFORD STUDENT'S HISTORY OF INDIA. V. A. Smith. Oxford University Press, New York. 1919. $1.35.

Political

CHRISTIANITY AND THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA. A. Mayhew. Faber and Gwyer, London. 1929. 12/6.

INDIA. D. R. Bhandarkar, ed. Part II of Vol. CXLV of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, Philadelphia. September, 1929. $1.50.

INDIA AND THE WEST. F. S. Marvin. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 1927. $2.75.

INDIA: THE NEW PHASE. S. Reed and P. R. Cadell. P. Allen, London. 1928. 3/6.

*INDIAN COMMENTARY, AN. G. T. Garratt. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, New York. 1929. $2.75.

MAHATMA GANDHI. R. M. Gray and M. C. Parekh. Builders of Modern India Series. Association Press, New York. 1925. $2.00.

MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS. Including selections from his writings. C. F. Andrews. Macmillan Co., New York. 1930. $3.00.

Social and Economic

CHAMARS, THE. G. W. Briggs. Religious Life of India Series. Oxford University Press, New York. 1920. $2.00.

*INDIA AND HER PEOPLES. F. Deaville Walker. Edinburgh House Press, London. Available through the Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1929. 80 cents.

LIVING INDIA. Savel Zimand. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 1928. $3.00.

MY BROTHER'S FACE. D. G. Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1924. $3.00.

REMAKING OF VILLAGE INDIA, THE. F. L. Brayne. Oxford University Press, New York. 1929. $1.75.

WOMAN OF INDIA, A. G. S. Dutt. Macmillan Co., New York. 1929. $1.50.

WOMEN OF BENGAL: A STUDY OF THE PARDANASINS OF CALCUTTA. M. M. Urquhart. Student Christian Movement, London. 1925. 5/-.

Education

CHARACTER BUILDING IN KASHMIR. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe. Church Missionary Society, London. 1920. 3/-.

EDUCATION OF INDIA: A STUDY OF BRITISH EDUCATIONAL POLICY IN INDIA, 1835-1920. A. Mayhew. Faber and Gwyer, London. 1926. 10/6.

FOURTEEN EXPERIMENTS IN RURAL EDUCATION. A. B. Van Doren. Association Press, Calcutta. 1928. Rs. 2.

SCHOOLS WITH A MESSAGE IN INDIA. D. J. Fleming. Oxford University Press, New York. 1921. $2.40.

VILLAGE SCHOOLS IN INDIA. Mason Olcott. Oxford University Press, New York. 1926. $1.25.

Indian Religions

BENGALI RELIGIOUS LYRICS, SAKTA. Translated by Edward J. Thompson and Arthur M. Spencer. Heritage of India Series. Oxford University Press, New York. 1923. $1.10.

BHAGAVAD GITA, THE. Translated by A. W. Ryder. University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1929. $2.00.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOME LIVING RELIGIONS OF THE EAST. Sydney Cave. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1929. $2.00.

*CROWN OF HINDUISM, THE. J. N. Farquhar. Oxford University Press, New York. 1917. $2.00.

FACE OF SILENCE, THE. [Concerns the life of Ramakrishna.] D. G. Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1926. $3.00.

HINDU ETHICS. E. W. Hopkins. Yale University Press. New Haven, Conn. 1924. $3.00.

HINDU RELIGIOUS YEAR, THE. M. M. Underhill. Religious Life of India Series. Oxford University Press, New York. 1921. $2.00.

HINDU VIEW OF LIFE, THE. S. Radhakrishnan. Macmillan Co., New York. 1927. $2.00.

HINDUISM. Govinda Das. G. A. Natesan, Madras. 1924.

HYMNS FROM THE RIGVEDA. Translated by A. A. Macdonell. Heritage of India Series. Oxford University Press, New York. 1923. $1.10.

INDIA AND ITS FAITHS: A TRAVELER'S RECORD. J. B. Pratt. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1915. $4.00.

INDIAN ISLAM. Murray T. Titus. Religious Quest of India Series. Oxford University Press, New York. 1930. $4.50.

*INTRODUCTION TO SOME LIVING RELIGIONS OF THE EAST, AN. Sydney Cave. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1922. $1.75.

MODERN RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS IN INDIA. J. N. Farquhar. Macmillan Co., New York. 1915. $2.50.

PSALMS OF MARATHA SAINTS. Translated by Nicol Macnicol. Heritage of India Series. Oxford University Press, New York, 1920. $1.10.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE: LETTERS TO A FRIEND. Edited by C. F. Andrews. Macmillan Co., New York. 1929. $2.50.

RAMAKRISHNA—A MODERN AVATAR. Romain Rolland. Translated by Katherine R. Bowditch. *Asia,* issues of October, 1929-February, 1930, incl.

RAMAYANA AND THE MAHABHARATA, THE. Condensed into English verse by R. C. Dutt. Everyman's Library. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 80 cents.

RELIGION OF THE RIGVEDA, THE. H. D. Griswold. Religious Quest of India Series. Oxford University Press, New York. 1923. $4.20.

RITES OF THE TWICE BORN, THE. Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson. Religious Quest of India Series. Oxford University Press, New York. 1920. $7.00.

THIRTEEN PRINCIPAL UPANISHADS, THE. R. E. Hume. Oxford University Press, New York. 1921. $5.00.

VEDANTA AND MODERN THOUGHT, THE. W. S. Urquhart. Religious Quest of India Series. Oxford University Press, New York. 1928. $4.50.

Christianity in India

APOSTLES OF INDIA, THE, J. N. Ogilvie. Hodder and Stoughton, London. 1915.

BUILDING WITH INDIA. D. J. Fleming. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1922. 75 cents.

CHRIST AT THE ROUND TABLE. E. Stanley Jones. Abingdon Press, New York. 1928. $1.50.

*CHRIST OF THE INDIAN ROAD, THE. E. Stanley Jones. Abingdon Press, New York. 1925. $1.00.

*CHRISTIAN TASK IN INDIA, THE. John McKenzie, ed. Macmillan Co., New York. 1930. $3.00.

HEATHEN, A. Lois M. Buck. Methodist Book Concern, New York. 1909. Out of print. Available in many libraries.

INDIA IN THE DARK WOOD. N. Macnicol. Edinburgh House Press, London. Available through Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1930. $1.00.

*INDIAN APPROACH TO INDIA, AN. By a Group of Nationals. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1927. $1.25.

INDIAN NEIGHBOURS. M. L. Christlieb. Student Christian Movement, London. 1930. 2/-.

*INDIAN OUTLOOK, THE: A STUDY IN THE WAY OF SERVICE. W. E. S. Holland. Edinburgh House Press, London. 1926. Available through Missionary Education Movement, New York. $1.00.

NEIGHBOUR INDIA. A. R. Burr. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1929. $2.00.

*"OUR ASIATIC CHRIST." O. M. Buck. Harper & Bros., New York. 1927. $1.25.

OUT OF BONDAGE: CHRIST AND THE INDIAN VILLAGER. Stephen Neill. Edinburgh House Press, London. Available through Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1930. 80 cents.

*UPHILL ROAD IN INDIA, AN. M. L. Christlieb. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1927. $2.00.

WILL INDIA BECOME CHRISTIAN? J. W. R. Netram. Richard R. Smith, New York. 1930. $1.50.

Biographies of Christian Indians

CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT IN INDIA: BIOGRAPHIES OF NOTED INDIAN CHRISTIANS. Mrs. A. Parker. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1929. $2.00.

MESSAGE OF SADHU SUNDAR SINGH, THE. B. H. Streeter and A. J. Appasamy. Macmillan Co., New York. 1921. $1.50.

NARAYAN VAMAN TILAK: THE CHRISTIAN POET OF MAHARASHTRA. J. C. Winslow. Builders of Modern India Series. Association Press, New York. 1923. $1.50.

PANDITA RAMABAI SARASVATI: PIONEER IN THE MOVEMENT FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE CHILD WIDOW OF INDIA. C. Butler. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1922. $1.00.

SOME NOTABLE INDIAN CHRISTIANS. N. Macnicol, in his *Making of Modern India.* Oxford University Press, New York, 1924. $2.50.

Stories

DAUGHTERS OF INDIA. M. Wilson. Harper & Bros., New York. 1928. $2.00.

DIANA DREW. Isabel Brown Rose. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1928. $2.00.

FREEDOM. Welthy Honsinger Fisher. Friendship Press, New York. 1930. 85 cents.

INDIAN DAY, AN. Edward Thompson. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1927. $2.50.

KIM. Rudyard Kipling. Any edition.

RED BLOSSOMS. Isabel Brown Rose. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1925. $1.75.

TROUSERS OF TAFFETA. M. Wilson. Harper & Bros., New York. 1929. $2.50.

INDEX

Abraham, Bishop, 196
Adharma (irreligion, impiety), 110
Afghans, 6
Agriculture, *see* Rural uplift
Ahimsa (not taking life; active gentleness), 96, 107
Ahmedabad, Mahatma Gandhi's National College near, 47, 59
Akbar the Great, 67, 68
Aligarh, Moslem University at, 47
All-India Moslem League, *see* Moslem
All-India Woman's Conference, 160
Allahabad; university at, 44; Agricultural Institute, 56
Amritsar, 2, 15
Ananda (joy), 114
Anderson, John, 177
Animists, 86; *see* Depressed classes
Aparigraha (not accumulating material possessions), 108
Apostle Thomas in North India, The, and *Apostle Thomas in South India, The* (Farquhar), 169
Aquaviva, Rudolfo, 172
Arjuna, 121, 122
Arya Samaj, *see* Sects, reform
Ashram (hermitage, a retreat), 107, 197
Asteya (not keeping what you do not need), 108
Atman (spirit), 118
Aurangzeb, 9, 67, 68
Avatar (descent or incarnation of God), 77

Babar, 67
Bahus (daughters-in-law), 155
Bairagis (Hindu ascetics), 79
Bande Mataram (Hail to Mother India), 13
Baroda, 25, 42, 150
Benares, Central Hindu University at, 47
Bengal, 9, 59, 144
Bengali Religious Lyrics: Sakta (E. J. Thompson, trans.), quoted, 88, 89
Bengalis, 23, 59, 89, 126, 127, 144
Bentinck, Lord William, 39
Besant, Mrs. Annie, 119, 120; *see also* Theosophical Society
Bhagavad Gita, 118-125; Ryder's translation, quoted, 121 *seq.*
Bhangi (scavenger), 92, 94, 199
Bible, 41, 176, 182; *see* Sermon on the Mount, Gospel of John, Gospel of Mark
Bible societies, 41, 182-183
Biharis, 23
Bikaner, 59
Bolpur, international university at, 47; *see also* Tagore, Rabindranath
Bombay; Presidency, 9, 59; city of, 9, 27, 59, 177; university, 44
Brahmacharya (sexual continence), 107
Brahman, 77, 80 *seq.*, 137, 139, 200; *see also* Caste
Brahmaputra, 4
Brahma Samaj, *see* Sects, reformed
Brahmos (members of Brahma Samaj), 79
Brindaban, 153
British, the, in India, 6, 7, 150, 173, 174; contribution of, 8-11; present situation, 18-23; and its background, 12-18; point of view, 27, 28. *See also* Government, Indian princes, Education
British India, 26, 27, 46, 51, 74
Buddha, Buddhists, Buddhism, 65, 126, 153, 168

Calcutta, 9, 27, 39, 59, 60; university at, 44
Carey, William, 85, 175-176
Carter, Ray, 57
Caste, 37, 79 *seq.*: four groupings, 80; divides Hinduism, 81; present conditions, 82-86; Christianity and, 85; intermarriage, 85-86; attitude of the Gita toward, 124. *See also* Depressed classes
Cawnpore, 59

Chamar (leather worker; one of the outcaste groups of North India), 92

Chamber of Princes, 26

Charkha (spinning wheel), 56

Child marriage, 146-150; Restraint Bill, 150

Chit (intelligence), 114

Christ; and India's political situation, 31; and Indian education, 50; and rural uplift, 58; and Indian industry, 64; and the Ramakrishna Mission, 84, 129; and the outcaste, 91; and the Hindu mind, 132; and the Indian home, 166; what India knows of, 181-190; has not yet discovered of, 190-193; will come to India, 193-200

Christ of the Indian Road, The (Jones), 181

Christian church; numbers, 193; Institutions, 193; in cities, 193f.; in villages, 93, 194; national organizations, 195; union, 195; cooperation, 196. *See also* Thomas Christians

Christian missions, 38, 43, 173, 174; point of view, 30; rural work, 56-58; industrial work, 64; attack on caste system, 85; attitude toward child marriage, 149-150; help given to widows, 154; early days, 176-178; future, 193-200. *See also* Schools, Christian; Depressed classes; Roman Catholic missions; Christ; Bible societies.

Christians, 3, 65, 180; *see also* Christ, Christian church, Christian missions

Chuddar (head drapery for women), 145

Civil disobedience, 19, 201

Clothing, 144-145

Cochin, 25

Commerce and trade, 9, 177

Coomaraswamy, Ananda, 40

Cooperation, 15, 16, 19, 200; *see also* Christian church cooperation

Cottage industries, 55-56

Dacca, 44

Dalhousie, Lord, 39

Dandi (chair), 139

Danes, 7

Das, Govinda, Professor, 77, 78, 79, 84, 109, 110, 132

Dasa (early inhabitant of India; later meaning, demon or fiend), 109

Dayananda, 129; *see also* Arya Samaj

Debt, 33, 140, 141

Delhi, 26

Depressed classes, 32-34, 49, 96, 194; outcastes, 87-88, 89 *seq.;* religious beliefs, 88 *seq.;* attitude of Hinduism toward, 89-90, 98; of Islam toward, 91; of Christianity toward, 91-93, 96, 172; awakening of, 98-99. *See also* Debt; Industrial conditions; Rural uplift; *Bhangi*

Depressed Classes Mission, 96

Dharma (caste rules and observances), 110

Dhoti (a long strip of cloth worn by men around the lower part of the body), 144

Diwali (a Hindu festival), 141

Dominion status, *see* Government

Duff, Alexander, 39, 177

Durries (scatter-rugs), 98

Dutch, 7, 172

Dyarchy, *see* Government

East India Company, 10, 38, 174

Education; in new India, 3; history of, 36-40; compulsory primary, 42; new developments in, 42-47; effect on caste, 84; Christian, 39, 45, 47 *seq.* *See also* Illiteracy; Education Despatch; Women of India; Schools

Education Despatch, 39-40

English, *see* British

English literature, influence of, 11

Face of Silence, The (Mukerji), quoted, 127, 128

Factories, *see* Industrial conditions

Factories Act of 1922, 60

Family, Indian Christian, 94, 166

Food, 143-144

Fourteen Experiments in Rural Education (Van Doren), 57

French, 7, 173

Funerals, 140-141

Gali (personal abuse, invective), 138

Gandhi, M. K., 15, 16, 19, 20, 21, 24, 47, 55, 56, 96, 97, 106, 177, 184, 186, 188, 189; policy, 19; demands, 21-22

Ganges, 4

Ghat (a flight of steps leading to the river edge), 140

Ghi (clarified butter), 140

Gita, *see* Bhagavad Gita

Gods of Hinduism; *see* Varuna, Shiva, Vishnu, Rama, Krishna, Kali (goddess), Yama

Gokhale, 13, 96

Gora-log ("fair people," used of Europeans and Americans), 174

Gospel; of John, 186 *seq.*

Government; of the East India Company, 8 *seq.;* under the crown, 9 *seq.*, 174; reforms of 1919, 16-18; dyarchy, 17; present situation of, 18-23; opinions as to future, 27-31; dominion status, 18-23, 200; of Indian states, 25-27; *see also* British in India

Greeks, 167-168

Gujeratis, 24

Hardinge, Lord, 11

Hari Ram (a name for God), 153

Health, 33, 61-62, 140-141, 142-144, 156-157

Heathen, A (Lois M. Buck), quoted, 92, 93

Higginbottom, Sam, 56

Himalayas, Foreword, 4, 5, 6, 34

Hindu View of Life, The, quoted, 76

Hinduism; conflict between, and Islam, 65-76; and nationalism, 72; attempts to define, 76-78; present condition, 103 *seq.* *See also* Caste system; Sects, reform; Hindus; Depressed classes; Vedas; Upanishads; Gita; Ramakrishna; Gods of Hinduism

Hinduism (Govinda Das), quoted, 77-79, 84, 109, 110

Hindus, 3, 16, 20, 24, 154, 158; attitudes toward Jesus, 184-185, 187-190, 191-192. *See also* Hinduism

Hodge, J. Z., 55

Holi (a Hindu festival), 141

Holidays, 141-142

Home life, *see* Family; Christian, Hindu, Moslem; *also* Women

Hooghly River, 59

Hosh (consciousness, wideawakeness), 2

Humayun, 67

Huns, 6

Illiteracy, 33, 35, 36; in Indian Christian community, 194

Imitation of Christ, The (Thomas à Kempis), 187

India in 1926-27, quoted, 43, 44, 46, 87, 177

India in 1927-28, quoted, 36, 42

Indian Home Rule (Gandhi), quoted, 106

Indian Legislative Assembly, 17, 22

Indian Mutiny, 25

Indian National Congress, 12, 13, 20, 22, 95

Indian nationalism; native princes' attitude toward, 27; history of, 12-18; interest in education, 40-41, in rural uplift, 50 *seq.*, in industrial era, 58 *seq.;* Hindu and Moslem attitudes toward, 71-74; and depressed classes, 95; and Western civilization, 178-179. *See also* Indian princes; Government

Indian Outlook, The (Holland), 181

Indian princes, 9; dealings with British, 25-26; attitude toward nationalism, 27

Indian Social Reformer (pub.), 96

Indian states, *see* Indian princes

Indian Wisdom (Monier Williams), quoted, 163, 164

Indo-Europeans, 6

Indus, 4

Industrial conditions, 58-64; in cotton industry, 58, 59; iron and steel, 59-60; rapid development, 60; evils of factory system, 61; remedial legislation, 61-62; life of workers, 62-64

International Labor Bureau, Geneva, 58

International Review of Missions, quoted, 55, 135, 137

Invasions of India, 6, 7

Irwin, Lord, Viceroy, 11, 18, 21

Islam, 3, 16, 19, 20, 64, 155, 156, 169, 170; All-India Moslem League, 20; conflict with Hinduism, 65-76; history of invasions, 66-68; attitude toward nationalism, 71, 73-74, toward depressed classes, 91; present situation of, 101-103; attitude toward Jesus, 188-189, 191-192; a convert from, 200

Jahangir, 67
Jain, 3, 64
Jamshedpur, 59
Jesuits, 171-172
Jallianwala, 2, 15
Jesus of History, The (Glover), quoted, 192
Jodhpur, 59
John, Gospel of, 186 *seq.*
Jones, Stanley, Foreword, 181, 198
Josh (emotion, enthusiasm), 2

Kali, 127
Karma (the law governing reward and retribution; fate), 77, 83-84, 89-90, 142
Kashmir, 26, 150
Khaddar (homespun cotton cloth), 55
Khattiya (cot), 140
Koran, 101, 102; quoted, 156, 188
Krishna, 119, 121, 125, 153
Kshatriya, 80; *see also* Caste

Labors, *see* Industrial conditions
Lahore, Arya Samaj college at, 47
Languages of India, 7; influence of English, 40-41; vernacular, 41-42
Lanier, Sidney, quoted, 197
Lausanne, Treaty of, 71
Liberals, 28; *see also* Indian nationalism
Lingayats, 79
Linlithgow Commission, 54
Literature; English, effect of, 11; vernacular, 24; Hindu, *see* Vedas, Upanishads, Gita, Tulsi Das, Ramayana, Mahabharata
Loyola, 171
Lucknow, 44

McKee, William J., 57
Macaulay, T. B., 39
Macnicol, Dr. Nicol, 132, 154
Madiga (one of the large outcaste groups of South India), 92
Madras, 9, 177; university at, 44; Christian College, 177
Madras Presidency, 9, 23, 93
Mahabharata (one of the Hindu epics), 34, 81, 119, 161, 163
Mahasabha, 86, 119
Mahatma (great spirit, saint), 19
Mahratta states, 26; *see also* Baroda
Mahrattas, 24
Malayalis, 24; *see also* Travancore, Thomas Christians
Manu, Laws of, 151, 152
Marco Polo, 169
Mass movements, 93, 98; *see also* Depressed classes
Maulana Mohammed Ali, 100
Mela (a religious festival), 182
Missionaries, Missions, *see* Christian missions
Moga, 57
Mogul empire, 8, 25, 173
Moksha (release), 120
Mongols, 6
Monsoon, 2, 4
Montagu, Sir Edward, 11
Moslem, *see* Islam
Moslem League, All-India, 20
Mukerji, Dhan Gopal, 40, 127
Munis (religious recluses; sages), 103
Mutiny, Indian, 9
Mysore, 25, 26, 42, 150

Nagpur, 59
Naidu, Sarojini, 40
National Christian Council, 64, 196
National Missionary Society, 195-196
Nationalism, *see* Indian nationalism
Nehru, Jawahar Lal, 20
Nehru, Pandit Moti Lal, 20
Nizam's Dominions, 26
Nobili, Robert de, 172
Non-Brahman party, 82, 96
Non-cooperation, *see* Cooperation; Gandhi
Non-violence, 19, 201; *see also* Gandhi

"Our Asiatic Christ" (O. M. Buck), quoted, 85, 127, 181
Outcastes, *see* Depressed classes
Overpopulation, 32-33

Pagal (crazy), 53

Paisa (about half a cent), 2, 3, 158
Pan (a mixture of betel leaf and lime for chewing), 141
Parsee, 3, 64, 160
Patna, 44
Paul, St., 122, 192
Pauwa (about half a pound), 2, 3
Philosophy, Indian, *see* Scriptures, Hindu; Upanishads; Vedanta; Yoga; Samkhya
Peoples of India; variety explained, 5; present situation of, 7, 23. *See also* Population
Persians, 6
Political situation, 1-31
Poona, 154, 160
Population of India; determined by geography, 3, 4, 5; numbers, 65; Hindu, 76; Moslem, 66; rural, 51; British India, 25, 51; women in, 44; children of school age, 46. *See also* Peoples of India; Overpopulation
Portuguese, 7, 170-171, 172
Poverty, 33
Prarthana Samaj, *see* Sects, reform
Puja (offerings and prayers to the gods), 183
Pundit (one who is learned in the Hindu sacred scriptures and Hindu religious law; anglicized word), 186
Punjab, 15, 150; university in, 44
Punjabis, 24
Puranas (a group of Hindu scriptures), 154
Purdah (curtain or veil; general term for the custom of secluding women), 155-158
Purdahnasins (women kept in purdah), 157; *see also* Women of India

Queen's proclamation, 10; *see also* Victoria

Race prejudice, 175
Radhakrishnan, S., Professor, quoted, 76
Raj (kingdom, rule), 13, 32, 72, 74
Rajputana, 26
Rajputs, 24
Raksha-bandhan (a Hindu festival), 141
Rama, 119, 131, 161
"Rama, Rama, Satya Nama," 140
Ramabai, Pandita, 154
Ramakrishna Mission, 84-85, 127, 128-130, 189
Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, 125-131
Ramayana (one of the great Hindu epics, containing the story of Rama), 34, 119, 131, 161-162
Ramayana, Griffith's translation, quoted, 161
Reforms of 1910, *see* Government
Religion and Philosophy of the Vedas and Upanishads, The (Keith), quoted, 110
Rig Veda, *see* Vedas
Ripon, Lord, 11, 12
Rishi (a Hindu saint or sage of ancient times), 103, 186
Rita (order of the universe), 110
Romans, 167-168
Roman Catholic missions, 92, 170-172, 193
Roy, Ram Mohan, 112
Rupee (the standard monetary unit of India, worth about thirty-seven cents), 15
Rural uplift; present rural conditions, 50-55; Christian record, 56-58; future, 194-195
Russo-Japanese War, 12
Ryot (peasant), 28

Sadhu (a Hindu holy man), 79
Sahib-log (a title of respect, used generally for Europeans), 53
Saivites (Saivas), worshipers of Shiva, 76, 119
Sakta (worshipers of Kali), 76, 89
Samaj (a society), *see* Sects, reform
Samkhya (a dualistic Hindu philosophy treating of souls and matter), 112
Samsara (endless processes of rebirth and reincarnation), 115
Sanads (diplomas), 94
Sangathan (an organization of all Hindu sects), 73, 86
Sannyasi (a Hindu ascetic), 79
Sarada Sadan, 154
Sarda, H. B., 150
Sari (draped garment worn by women, 145

Sat-chit-ananda (reality, intelligence, joy), 113, 114

Satya (truth), 107

Satyagraha (soul-force; literally, truth-seizure), 19

Satyavan, 163 *seq.*

Savitri, 161, 163-164

Schools; Christian, 40, 47-50; Hindu, 40, 46, 47; Moslem, 40, 46, 47; Secular, 45, 46; Village, 57. *See also* Education

Schwartz, C. F., 176

Scriptures, Hindu; *see* Vedas, Upanishads, Gita, Puranas, Ramayana, Mahabharata, Manu, Laws of

Scythians, 6

Seclusion of women, 155 *seq.*; *see also* Purdah, Women of India, Zenana

Sects, reform in Hinduism, 47, 96; attitude toward caste, 84; Arya Samaj, 84, 96, 105, 106, 129; Brahma Samaj, 84, 112; Prarthana Samaj, 84, 96. *See also* Ramakrishna Mission; Depressed Classes Mission; Servants of India Society

Semitic religions, 69

Sermon on the Mount, 184-185

Servants of India Society, 96

Sèvres, Treaty of, 71

Shabash ("Well done," an exclamation), 94, 95

Shah Jahan, 67

Shiva, 88

Sholapur, 59

Shuddhi (purification), 73, 84

Sikh, 3, 64, 79

Sirdar (officer, official), 97

Sita (wife of Rama), 141, 161-162

Siva, *see* Shiva

South Africa, 15

Spain, 172-173

Sudra, 80; *see also* Caste

Sufism, 158

Swadeshi ("One's own land"—a term applied to anything made in India), 13

Swami (religious teacher), 125

Swarupananda, Swami, quoted, 125

Swaraj (home rule), Swarajists, 1, 11, 13, 19, 29, 51, 56, 96, 97, 124

Tabligh (organization of Moslems for converting Hindus to Islam), 73

Tagore, Rabindranath, 40, 47, 112, 116

Tamils, 23, 145

Tanzim (organization of Moslems for promoting welfare of Islam), 73, 86

Tata family, 60

Telugus, 23

Theosophy, 130, 160

Thirteen Principal Upanishads, The (Hume), quoted, 117, 118

Thomas, St., 168-169

Thomas Christians, 196-197

Tika (a mark on the forehead with religious significance), 137

Tilak, B. G., 13

Tinnevelly, 155

Trade unions, 62

Travancore, 25; *see also* Thomas Christians; Malayalis

Tulsi Das, 131

Turks, 6

Udasis (Hindu ascetics), 79

Uncle Sham, 133

United States, relations of, with India, 177-178

Universities; *see* Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Allahabad, Punjab, Lucknow, Patna, Dacca, Benares, Aligarh, Bolpur, Ahmedabad, Lahore

Universities Act, 40

Upanishads (body of philosophic literature of early India), 111-118, 121

Uriyas, 24

Vaishnavas (Vaisnavite), worshipers of Vishnu, 76, 119

Vaisya, 80; *see also* Caste

Varuna, 110

Vasco da Gama, 170

Vatican Mission Exposition (pub.), quoted, 48, 193

Vedanta, 112, 115, 129, 187

Vedas (the earliest scriptures of India), 104-111; Vedic Age, 76, 104-105; "Back to the Vedas," 104, 105-108, 109; Rig Veda, 108; attitude toward widows, 154

Vernaculars of India, *see* Languages

Viceroy, 11, 18, 26
Victoria, Queen, 25; *see also* Queen's proclamation
Villages of India, *see* Rural uplift; Mass movements
Vishnu, 119
Vivekananda, 129

Weddings, 139-140
Western influences, 107, 108, 201; India's contacts with, 167-181
Widows, Hindu, 146, 151-155
Wilson, John, 177
Wiser, Mrs. C. V., 135, 137
Wood, Sir Charles, 39
Women of India; education of, 43-44, 49; attitude toward caste, 85-86; position in the home, 135-136; the new day, 158-166. *See also* Zenanas; Widows; Child marriage
World Missionary Atlas (1925), quoted, 48, 178, 193
World War, India's part in, 13-14
Worship; Christian, 197, 198; Hindu family, 136-137; Hindu temple and Moslem mosque, 70

Xavier, Francis, 171-172

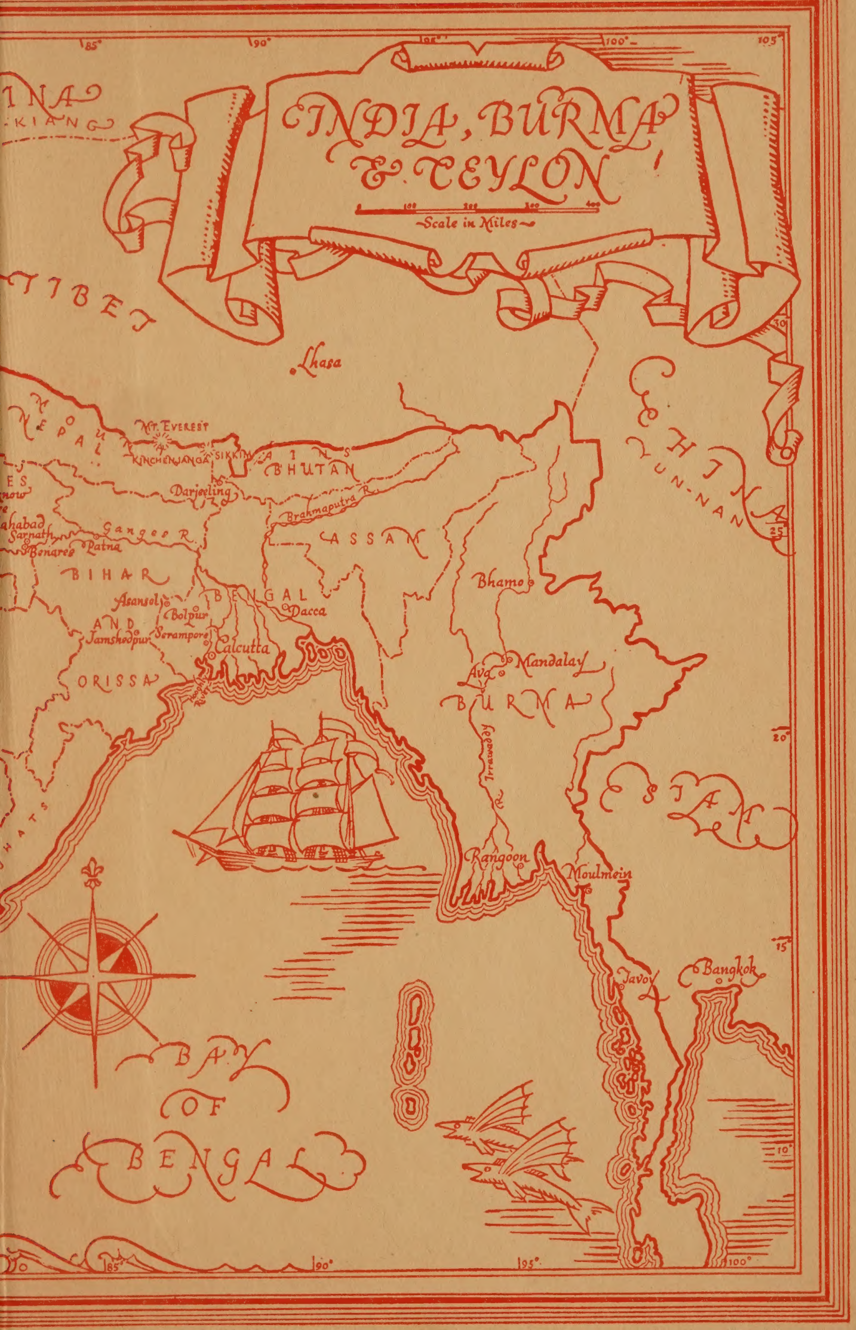
Yama, 164
Yamas (the five cardinal restraints of Hinduism), 107
Yoga (discipline leading to the sense of union with God), 112, 190
Young Men's Christian Associations, 56, 64, 184

Zamindar (landlord), 53
Zenana (women's quarters in an Indian home), 105, 146, 155 *seq.*, 182; *see also* Women of India
Ziegenbalg, Bartholomew, 176

Date Due

[redacted]

35°
30°
25°
20°
15°
PERSIA
CEYLON
(same scale)
Jaffna
Anuradhapura
Kandy
Colombo
65°
70°
75°
Malabar Coast
GOA
PORT
GHATS
MYSORE
Bangalore
Seringapatam
Calicut
Alwaye
Trichinopoly
Kodaikanal
Pasumalai
Tinnevelly
TRAVANCORE
Cape Comorin
Hyderabad
Godavari R.
Narbada R.
Gwalior
Agra
Aligarh
Delhi
Meerut
Simla

INDIA, BURMA & CEYLON
100
200
300
400
Scale in Miles
85°
90°
95°
100°
105°
30
25
20°
15
10°
INA
KIANG
TIBET
Lhasa
NEPAL
MOU
Mt. EVEREST
KINCHENJANGA
SIKKIM
AINS
BHUTAN
Darjeeling
Brahmaputra R.
ASSAM
CHINA
YUN-NAN
ES
now
re
ahabad
Sarnath
Ganges R.
Benares
Patna
BIHAR
Asansol
AND
Jamshedpur
Bolpur
Serampore
Calcutta
BENGAL
Dacca
ORISSA
Hooghly River
Bhamo
Mandalay
Ava
BURMA
Irrawaddy R.
HATS
Rangoon
Moulmein
SIAM
Tavoy
Bangkok
BAY OF BENGAL

DS407 .B8
India looks to her future,
Princeton Theological Seminary–Speer Library
1 1012 00135 1214